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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

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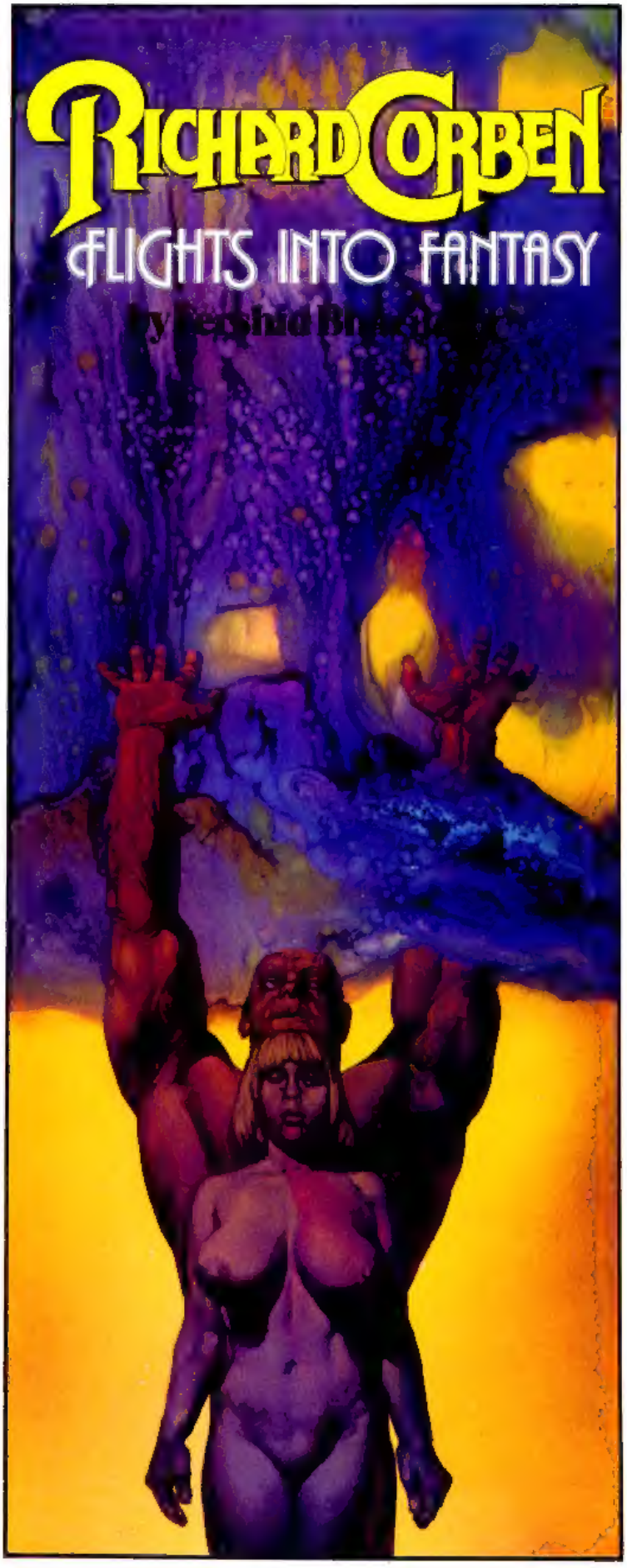
A magnificent tribute to one of the world's greatest comic book artists, this lavishly illustrated volume spans the prolific and many-faceted artistic career of Richard V. Corben.

Just how prolific he is, will become obvious from this book. Here for the first time are reproduced paintings and comics pages which are unknown even to Corben's most asiduous fans. Some of his earliest works — as well as his most recent drawings and paintings — are published here for the first time. Many of the paintings which were commissioned as book jackets can be seen here unmarred by titles and text. The selection was made in terms of quality in an effort to present the reader with a representative sampling of Corben's best and least-known work.

The well-paced text brings to life Corben's career, and the artist's love for his craft. His is a wide-ranging talent, and chapters have been devoted to his work in the fields of comics, animation, painting and sculpture. The 80 full-color pages include two stories, a sampling of his early work and a portfolio of over 40 paintings, which prove that besides being a major force in comics today, Corben is also a master of fantasy illustration.

An indispensable book for the Corben completist, this is also an excellent introduction to the work of an artist of astounding craftsmanship and fathomless imagination.



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FEBRUARY 1982

HEAVY METAL

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EDITORIAL

Wally Wood, 1927–1981

When a friend called to tell me that Wally Wood had died, a phrase that I never really agreed with came back to haunt me. It was spoken by Gertrude Stein and was part of her thoughts on creativity. She said: "The work is everything; the man is nothing."

The fact that a great number of *Heavy Metal*'s readers are probably unaware that Wally Wood ever existed would seem to support Stein's statement, as does the certainty that new generations will discover the special genius of the man as long as a single piece of his extensive output of artwork remains.

Among *HM*'s worldwide assemblage of contributors (past, present, and future), there is universal recognition of Wally Wood, the thirty years' worth of superior work he did, and the effect the man and his art will continue to have on their own endeavors. These people, whether they choose to call themselves cartoonists or illustrators or storytellers, know that in both "commercial" and "fine" art there are very few *true* artists. Wally Wood was one of this worthy minority.

He worked in comic books, that lowly genre reserved (in the U.S., at least) for children. He fought against the lack of adequate working time, the bad printing, the practice of creation by committee, and the indifference of publishers. When he overcame these hurdles (and this miracle *did* happen more often than might be expected) the readers were presented with a very special gift: a world reshaped and made bright and new and wonderful because they were viewing it through the eyes of Wally Wood.

I wonder how many people realize what a special ability, what a gift of genius, one must possess to be able to pull off a stunt like that. Moebius can do it. How many times have we looked at his pages, seeing not just ink on paper but, instead, a universe we could not possibly even conceive of without the imagination, ingenuity, and amazing cleverness of Moebius? And although the list is short, others are included. We've walked freely through the minds of Richard Corben, Will Eisner, and Harvey Kurtzman. We've had our collective sense of wonder jolted by Carl Barks, Jack Kirby, Caza, and Bilal. It would appear that within the often maligned but creatively alive bastard child of art and literature known (often derisively) as "comics," there exists much that is worthwhile. And that brings us back to Wally Wood.

As a writer, Wood was no match for the likes of Will Eisner. His storytelling abilities couldn't approach those of Harvey Kurtzman. Wood's strength was in his drawing. Given one of Al Feldstein's clever scripts for an EC science-fiction story, Wood always made it uniquely his own. No one could draw the cramped quarters of a spaceship the way Wood did. The creatures the intrepid earthmen always ran into, whether cuddly-cute or savagely menacing, were always *authentic*. No other cartoonist could pour so shapely a heroine into her tight-fitting space suit. The outright sense of pure fun found in these stories was matched and often surpassed by Wood's treatment of Feldstein's occasional ventures into "serious" stories. Tales that would have become ludicrous if illustrated by a lesser artist were turned into moving parables of the ugly side of life because Wood depicted Feldstein's characters as *real people*. Later, working from Harvey Kurtzman's brilliant stories and under the guidance of Kurtzman's unique brand of storytelling, Wood portrayed a world of hellish war that strayed as far as possible from the super soldiers, bloodless battles, and less than human enemies found in other comic-book war stories.

I have often wondered what effect this repudiation of the "glories of war," when coupled with the not so gentle Kurtzman/Wood *Mad* satires of 1950s America, had on the turbulent 1960s. It's hard to believe that any child who encountered the gritty realism of the EC war stories and the humorous nose thumbing at authority in *Mad* during the 1950s would wittingly participate in a real-life combination of the two a decade later.

The EC comics of the 1950s were only one high point in Wally Wood's career. He continued to entertain readers with his jabs at America's underbelly when *Mad* became a magazine and Al Feldstein took over the editorial reins. He did magazine illustrations, advertising art, gag cartoons, album covers, bubble-gum cards, and syndicated comic strips. He worked for all the major comic-book companies, producing such strips as "Daredevil" for Marvel comics and "Captain Action" for DC. Working with artists Gil Kane, Reed Crandall, Steve Ditko, and Al Williamson, he created the highly regarded "Thunder Agents" for Tower comics. He gave a helping hand to such artists as Dan Adkins, Ralph Reese, Larry Hama, and Paul Kirchner.

In 1966 Wood published *Witzend*, a non-newsstand magazine wherein comic artists had the freedom to produce the kind of art and story that interested them, unhampered by the restrictions imposed on ordinary kids' comic books. It would not be a false statement to say that Wood's handful of *Witzend*s were among *Heavy Metal*'s ancestors.

But now Wally Wood is dead. And the little that we know of the man—the private tortures, ecstasies, troubles, and delights that are a part of every human life—will soon be gone, to be supplanted by the dreams that he left behind . . . on paper.

"The work is everything; the man is nothing." I disagree. Given time, the work will *become* the man . . . or at least that part of him that is good and noble and timeless. And some time, a few years down the line and maybe a few worlds distant, I have no doubt, a book will be opened or a tape will be played or some unheard-of machinery will hum to life. Then an image will be seen and human eyes will open wider in appreciation and a human throat will emit words of awe and some grown-up child will be introduced to the immortal Wally Wood.

—John Workman

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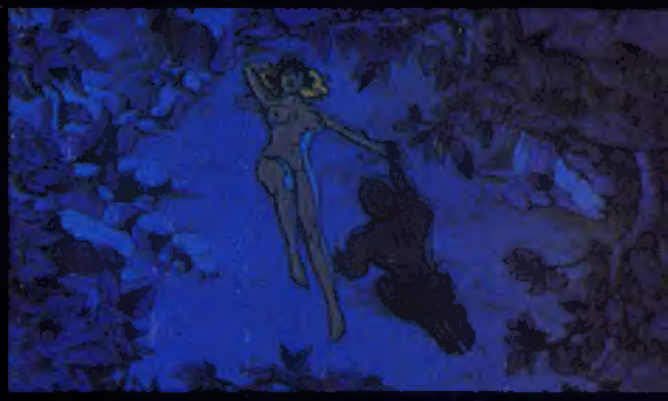

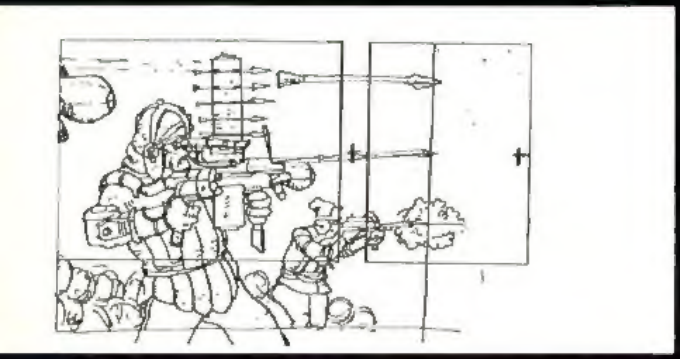

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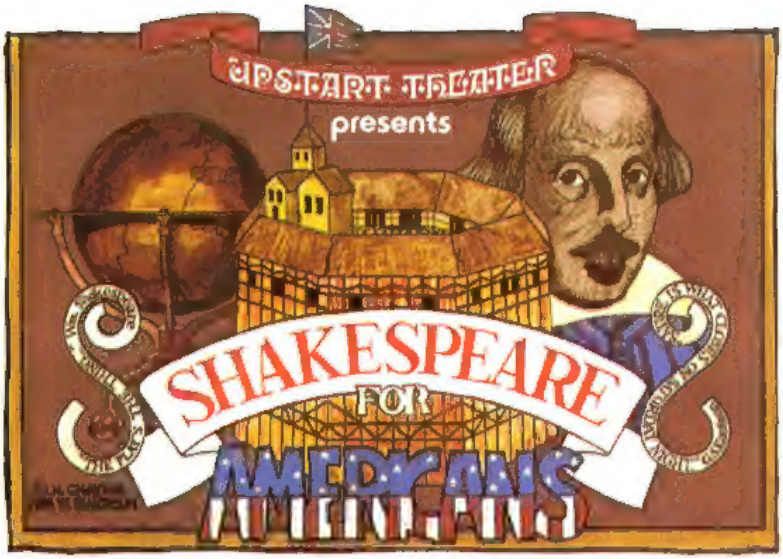
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SHAKESPEARE
FOR
AMERICANS

MR. PRESIDENT, DO YOU SEE ANY CONFLICT BETWEEN YOUR SUPPLY SIDE ECONOMICS AND MONETARISM?

WELL, MR. GALBRAITH, WHEN I WAS AN ACTOR, WE HAD TO READ A PLAY CALLED THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. THAT PLAY SEEMS TO ME TO BE A PARABLE FOR THE FIX WE'RE IN NOW.

THIS FELLOW ANTONIO WAS A HARD-HEADED SHIPPING MAGNATE, A REAL CREDIT TO HIS COMMUNITY BUT HE HAD A FRIEND, BASSANIO, WHO WAS BROKE, JUST AS UNCONTROLLED SOCIAL PROGRAMS, LIKE WELFARE, SCHOOL LUNCHES, SOCIAL SECURITY, AND OVER-REGULATION ARE BREAKING US NOW.

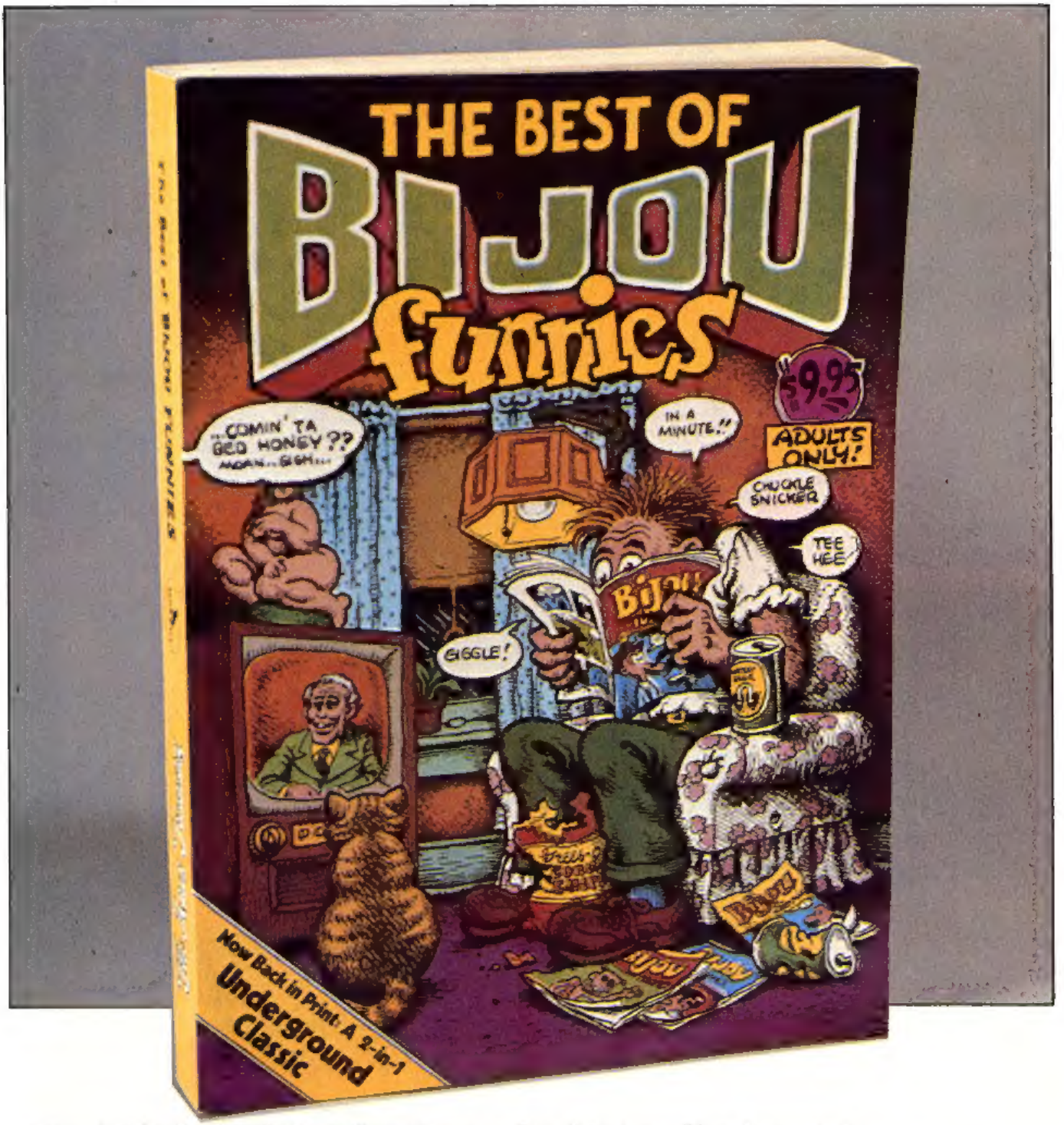
IN ORDER TO HELP HIS FRIEND, ANTONIO LOANED BASSANIO MONEY AND HAD TO BORROW FROM SHYLOCK AT RIDICULOUS INTEREST RATES TO COVER HIMSELF. IN OTHER WORDS, HE RAN UP A DEFICIT AND FOUND THAT HE'D MORTGAGED HIS FUTURE! JUST THE WAY AMERICA HAS!

BUT PORTIA, AN HEIRESS, KNEW THAT REAL GAINS CAN ONLY BE MADE BY VIGOROUSLY EXPANDING THE ECONOMY. YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE TAX BREAKS TO THE RICH AFTER ALL, THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES WITH THE PROPER PRACTICE AT SPENDING MONEY!

SO WHEN SHYLOCK WANTED TO RECOVER HIS LOAN (AS WELL HE SHOULD), PORTIA NOT ONLY PERSUADED HIM THAT HIGH INTEREST IS WRONG. SHE ALSO CONVINCED HIM TO USE HIS WEALTH TO AID HIS OWN DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW.

IN OTHER WORDS, SHYLOCK SAW THE VIRTUE OF INVESTING IN THE ECONOMY HIMSELF FOR A REASONABLE RETURN. SO SHYLOCK'S MONETARISM AND PORTIA'S SUPPLY SIDE-ISM GO HAND IN HAND.

THAT SHAKESPEARE WAS SOME ECONOMIST, WASN'T HE?
NEXT QUESTION.



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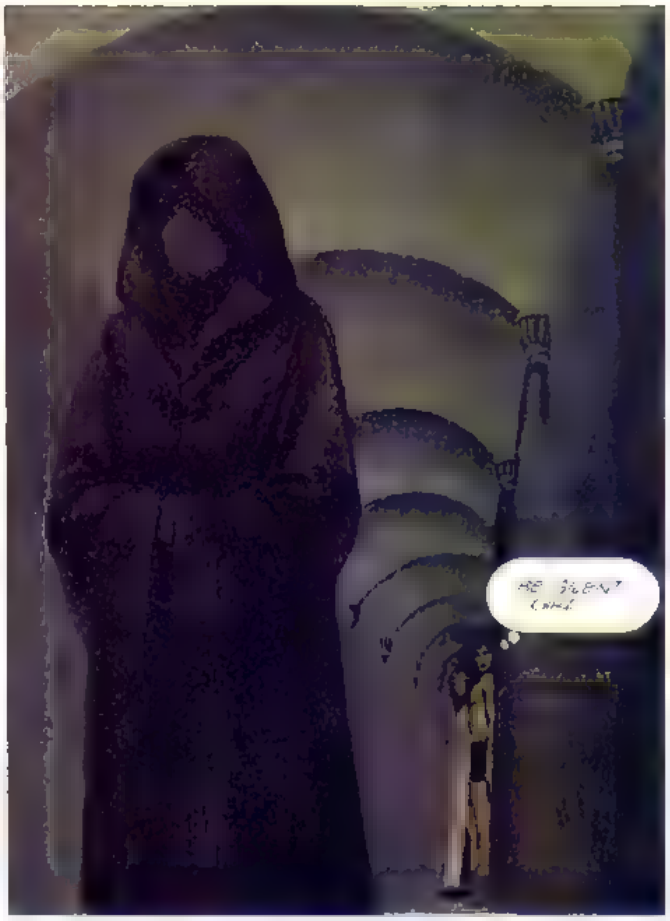
THE MERCENARY

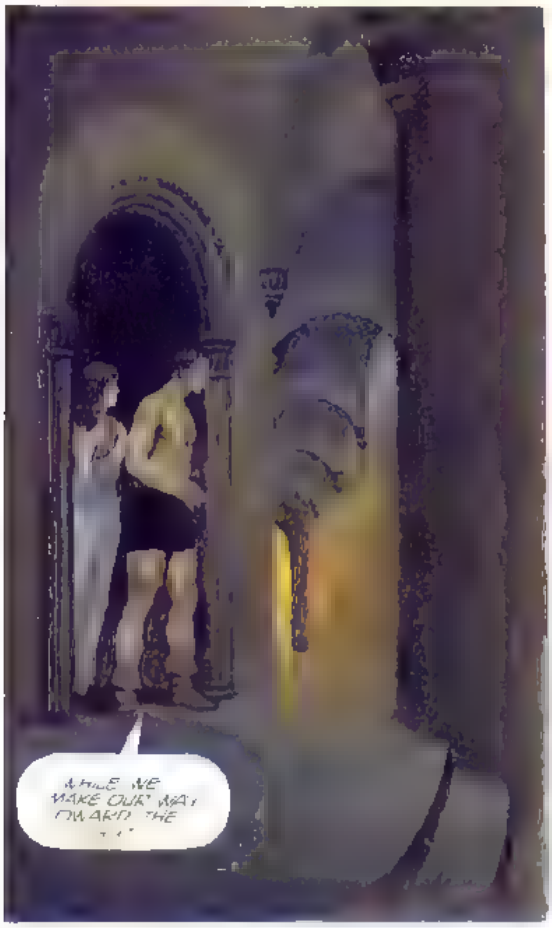
While trying to rescue the chief's daughter, the Mercenary was taken prisoner. Strange robed figures ordered him to throw down his sword and armor. He was tied up and lowered into a pit. And evidently, he is to stay for quite a long time.

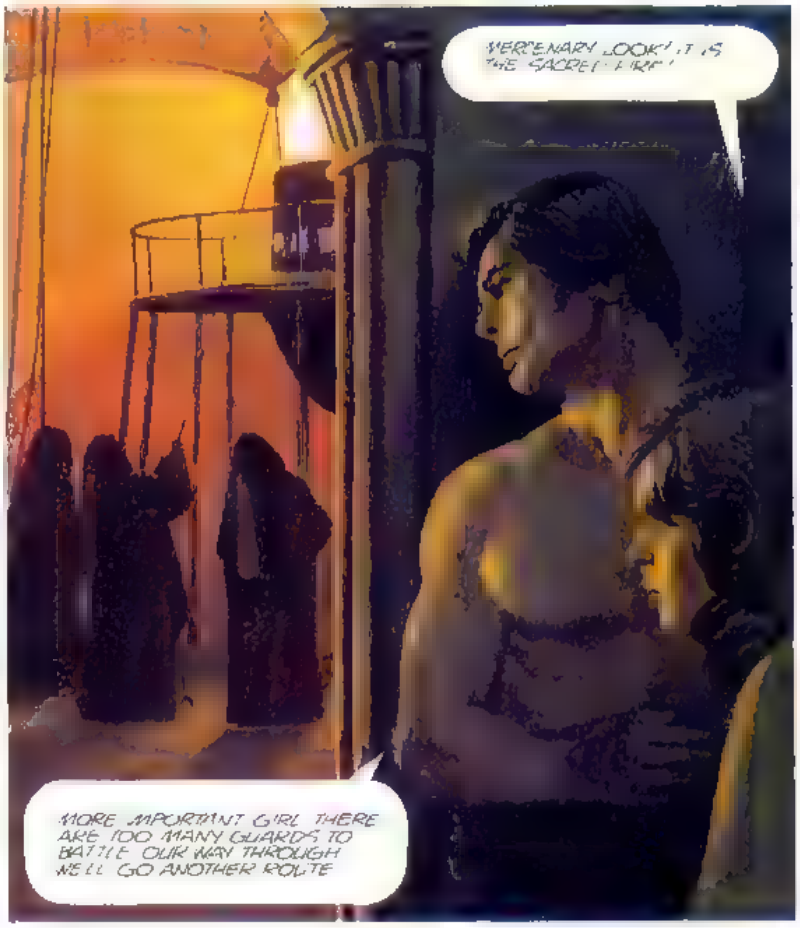
THESE ROPES ARE TOO THICK TO BREAK EASILY
BY THE GODS!
CRAC!
IT SEEMS I HAVE A FRIEND IN THIS STRANGE CITY...
ONE I WILL HAVE TO THANK WHEN THIS IS ALL DONE.
NOW, TO PULL MYSELF UP FROM THIS HELL-HOLE. AND—

ALL RIGHT. I MUST THINK THIS THROUGH
IF I CANNOT CLIMB UP, PERHAPS THERE IS ANOTHER--HOLD! THIS WALL FEELS QUITE STRANGE, TO SAY THE LEAST.
NOT ALL THAT STRONG.
DAMN MY EYES! THIS ISN'T STONE AT ALL!
IT IS LITTLE THICKER THAN PARCHMENT OR TAUT RAWHIDE!
BE QUIET, GIRL. I'LL CUT US ANOTHER HOLE AND WE WILL BE FREE OF THIS MADMAN'S DEN.

NO WONDER THEY TOOK MY BELT TS BUCKLE WOULD HAVE SLICED THROUGH THIS WALL WITH EASE HMM WHICH WAY NOW ?


BE SILENT CHAT


WHILE WE MAKE OUR WAY TOWARD THE


MERCENARY LOOK! IT IS THE SACRED FIRE!
MORE IMPORTANT GIRL THERE ARE TOO MANY GUARDS TO BATTLE OUR WAY THROUGH WE'LL GO ANOTHER ROUTE

I SWEAR WE WILL FIND OUR WAY TO FREEDOM ONE WAY OR ANOTHER
AT LEAST WE ARE OUTSIDE OF THOSE FOUL-SMELLING PITS
THOUGH UNLESS WE QUICKLY LEARN HOW TO FLY THAT WILL BE OF LITTLE COMFORT
STILL, WE MOVE ON AND SEARCH AND HOPE
HOPE--? WOMAN, NOW THERE IS NO MORE HOPE! WE HAVE WALKED IN A COMPLETE CIRCLE. THERE IS NO WAY OFF THIS DAMNED FLOATING ISLE

TO BE CONTINUED

. . . BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE WEARING THE RIGHT OUTFITS!

Imagine this. You and your mate are sitting around in your torn T-shirts from Camp Sequoia days, watching old "Lost in Space" reruns.

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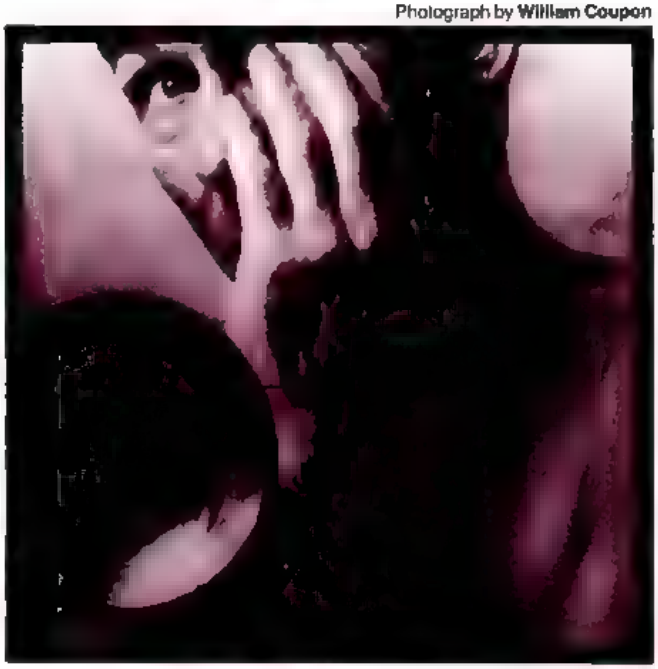


Jon Hassell

If memory serves me, the genetic term "hybrid vigor" describes the Darwinian survival advantage of offspring bred from expanded gene pools. Strength through miscegenation. So much for high-school biology... Me, I'm more interested in the term's metaphoric applications: better music through family planning, you might say. Breeding with two pure-strain rock 'n' rollers gets you nothing more than reshuffled Chuck Berry two-step—which we need like John Davidson needs another dimple. Not that I'm opposed to preserving rock 'n' roll's racial purity, but frankly I'd rather leave that to duck-walking morticians and pompadoured museum curators. Mix and mongrelize, says I. Like, lock an avant-classical trumpeter in a closet with a North Indian yodeler, and watch Jon Hassell float out. Or, ship a wimped-out blues-rocker to Ghana, pound his head to hamburger with some sticks, and get a copy of Mick Fleetwood's *The Visitor* by return mail. You get the idea.

Dream Theory in Malaya (Editions EG) is trumpeter-composer Jon Hassell's fourth excursion into the synthesis he calls Fourth World Music (Volume 2 in the Eno-assisted series bearing that title), a cultural locus where primitive viscerality kicks the butt of sophisticated celebration. Neither one should supplant the other, Hassell theorizes; instead, a unified, complementary action must create an expressive vocabulary for contemporary experience. Hassell collects skeletal components of indigenous, Far Eastern tropical musics (the hypnotic, bell-like Javanese gamelan core of "Gift of Fire"), arranges them according to intuitive/primitive structures (minimalist repetition), and binds the elements with his trumpet's fibrous texture and uncannily *alive* sound. Technology evokes natural music (animal cries), while found-object sounds technomorphose into composed music (the water-splash rhythm track for "Malay"). At once soothing and provocative, *Dream Theory in Malaya* evolves a unique and exquisitely fine-tuned, biomechanic musical tension.

Drummer Mick Fleetwood (from guess which band?) approaches cultural synthesis with a more literal mind set. *The Visitor* (RCA), his first solo effort, sounds like a study book in methodology, addressing each song as a different element-balance exercise. Chrome-dome snoozer time? No way—I actually *like* this album (didn't intend to) and I'm ready to admit so in public. LP opens with ex Mac Peter Green(baum)'s bluesy "Rattlesnake Shake," gut-buttressed by a distant-thunder rhythm section; moves into straight African chant and thump ("O' Niamah"), then Santana-esque Afro-funk ("Superbrains"); and after a couple of Mac-like numbers, finishes up with the plaintive, folky "Amelie." Authentic? Who knows, and who the hell cares. I'm content with the cultural/personal interplay, pretty music, and refreshing absence of ego-wank. You should get out more often, Mick.

Eno, on the other hand, opts for an almost invisible role in his postcard from Ghana, Edikanfo's *The Pace Setters* (Editions EG). As producer of this straight Afro-jazz-pop LP, Mr. Mystery apparently deactivated his customary conceptual-filter impulse and instead contented himself with supplying a no-wax aural gloss. What we get is Africans reshaping Africa-derived American music; good enough, but curiously lacking in the energy one expects from this sort of thing.

Help arrives in the nick of time, a twin-blade direct-inject panacea: *The Electric Spanking of War Babies* (Warner Bros.) from Funkadelic, and Kid Creole and the Coconuts' *Fresh Fruit in Foreign Places* (Ze/Sire). This pair of platters dishes out more wit, sophistication, pelvic-twitch tonic, and obscenely omnivorous eclecticism than is humanly consumable in one sitting. Their respective masterminds (George Clinton and August Darnell) are responsible for an alarming amount of the best mainstream pop dance music to emerge in recent years. They leave no stone untouched, and no style unswiped.

The point is, we just can't expect to go anywhere galloping up and down the same old bridle paths, lapping up someone else's already chewed horse meat. I'm getting too old, and too much tastes familiar.

—Lou Stathis

Youth Culture

I like the Go-Gos and their wound-up album *Beauty and the Beat* (A&M) because, like my ten best friends, I've always wanted to be a *chick* rock star and play in a liberated all-girl group.

Like many middle-aging youth culture-ettes (the average rock superstar is thirty; *Variety* and the U.S. census bureau place 1980s youth culture at twenty-five to forty), I'm as obsessed as the Go-Gos are with "losing your cool." On *Beauty and the Beat*, the girls tinker with the eternal rock leitmotifs of rejection and blowing it by a) falling in love with the wrong guy, who tears your world apart; b) never being as hip as your peers—whatever age you are; and c) not standing firm when you're getting even by dumping the guy who did you wrong.

Lead singer and romantic throwback Belinda Carlisle crosses between being an early, radiant Ingrid Bergman and a pouting Mariel Hemingway à la Woody Allen's *Manhattan*. While the other Go-Gos sip champagne, talk on the phone, and listen to a Sony Walkman, Belinda's the vain beauty sniffing a rose in her bubble bath, as seen in the photograph on the back cover of the album. Like most rock-'n'-roll narcissists, the Go-Gos want to be rich, famous, and loved for their image more than anything else.

With their inborn show-biz mentality, the Go-Gos can look forward to their twilight years in the big rooms at Las Vegas. If you'd like to learn more about the Go-Gos, get in touch with Go-Gos Fan Club, c/o I.R.S. Records, P.O. Box 1171, Hollywood, CA 90028.

—Daphne Davis

TERRY GILLIAM's FAVORITE VILLAINS OF ALL TIME

Procrustes the Innkeeper: When I was writing *Time Bandits* and researched the myth about Theseus and the Minotaur, I learned that one of the people Theseus encountered was Procrustes. In his inn, he had a bed. Those too short were stretched to fit, and those too long were lopped off. I liked his neatness

The Wicked Queen in Walt Disney's *Snow White* Vanity and beauty are what she's all about, yet the identity she assumes when she becomes the old beggar woman is practically the ugliest in all the kingdom. The fact that she takes on such an ugly exterior is really very odd, because she's totally obsessed with her beauty. Rather than becoming something not quite as hideous, she chose to look as ugly as possible. A truly strange thing.

The Phantom of the Opera. Actually he's not a villain, he's a tragic character. Villains like him interest me because I don't necessarily find them villainous. Often the most villainous are ordinary, bland, respectable people. In the Phantom's case it's the old tale of the beauty and the beast; somebody sensitive who has been scarred so that his sensitivity goes awry. Villains are invariably more interesting than heroes. Heroes tend to be simplified to the point of boringness—that's a problem Disney had. Villains are usually wracked by their own problems; some rise above them but most just sink to the bottom

Shere Khan from Walt Disney's *Jungle Book* He's the ferocious tiger with the voice of actor George Sanders. He's wonderful with that mellifluous voice, and quite beautiful but ravenous. It's almost as if he can't help being a villain, he was born to frighten

The Minotaur: In the Theseus legend he's a monster. But in my version (I worked it out while I was writing the film) I saw the Minotaur as a monster who couldn't stop himself. He hated himself for it. In fact he really wasn't the villain. King Minos, his stepfather was Minos used his stepson as an excuse for extorting large amounts of gold in tribute. The Minotaur allowed Theseus to kill him because he couldn't live with his monstrousness. I like the idea of a monster who is aware of his monstrosity and can't do any thing about it

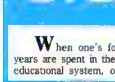
Fred Silverman. One of the true monsters of all time. Look at what he's done! Actually, the real villains in television have no names—Fred Silverman probably isn't that bad a fellow. It's the ones without names, who actually make decisions that are the corporate hydras. They are terrific villains because they make me so angry and get my blood boiling

The Villains in "Dick Tracy": They are so wonderfully grotesque looking. Chester Gould was a master at inventing really silly villains. I can't specify any single one, they're all terrific because they were strange characters with strange names, strange looks, and interesting problems.

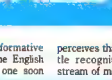
Richard Nixon. This ex-president is a great villain because a good person couldn't have done the positive things a base person like Nixon was easily able to do. Though he did things for the wrongest of reasons, the results of a few of his actions were good. For instance, the breaking down of the barriers between China and the U.S. was great: if a real hero like Kennedy had tried it at that time he would have been accused of being soft on communism. But when a villain like Nixon did something like that—motivated by self-interest and his desire to get reelected—he ironically ended up doing something good. That's what makes a villain like Nixon interesting . there's such irony

STORIED FUTURES

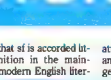
When one's formative years are spent in the English educational system, one soon perceives that sf is accorded little recognition in the mainstream of modern English literature. Yet, it is still possible to analyze such writing in terms of general literary concerns.



Richard Cowper's novel *A Dream of Kinship* (Timescape/Pocket Books) portrays the islands of what we now call Britain striving, in the thirty-first century, to rediscover their spiritual past and, therefore, their salvation. In the wake of nuclear holocausts, a return to the languid, rural atmosphere of the Celtic era accompanies a subtheme uncannily similar to that of Virgil's "messianic" Eclogue (which anticipates the birth of a child-savior). Cowper's disciplined narrative flows swiftly and avoids too many images of The Incredible String Band playing at Stonehenge on Midsummer's Eve. This British author expounds on concepts such as parapsychology and hypnagogic imagery in the development of situations in England and in the distant future. He makes an effective assertion of the power of the mind over the seemingly insurmountable obstacles posed by totalitarianism.



In *The Best of John Sladek* (Pocket Books), the writer toys with standard themes: time machines, bugging devices, and so on. Each short fantasy makes one cursory point—a time paradox, for instance—and then ends abruptly. This technique proves fruitless for two reasons: the characters emerge unsympathetically throughout, as either bigots or fools. Sladek's language enhances this alienation effect, cliche following glib cliche ("Their modest home was otherwise undistinguished except for a heavy mortgage . . ."). Little attempt is made to enter the mind of a character to create interest, and, sadly, this glibness soon leads to boredom. Sladek's scenarios are set on islands connected to mainlands by bridges that are washed away; individuals are severed from fulfilling existences by the irrational and the absurd rather than adopting an attitude of cynicism in the face of such conditions. Sladek might do better to examine the nature of the tenuous links between these elements.



Most of Christopher Priest's stories in *An Infinite Summer* (Dell) emanate from an aptly named environment, the Dream Archipelago. Deception, ambiguity, and illusion interwoven with peace, serenity, and apparent reality are set against a distant horizon of troop movements, starved women, scarred villages, and—interestingly—the synaesthetic gases of warfare. Individuals desperately struggle to determine what ability they have to master the psychology behind perception. The works descend from "The Celestial Omnibus" (*Collected Short Stories*, by E. M. Forster), where fantasy melds with reality to produce similarly startling results.

Ironically, most speculative writing of this sort has been kept outside the hallowed walls of twentieth-century English literary tradition. Priest's ideas, expressed as they are in terse, colorful prose, are enticing and provoking, and more him successfully toward breaking those barriers.

—Duart McLean

SF-ly Brilliant

Russell Hoban's apocalyptic parable *Riddley Walker* (Summit Books) has been unanimously the object of 1981's redundant "It Sure Is Good for SF" accolades. As a story of a primitive civilization's slow healing after a nuclear blight, it works on many interpretive levels, from its explicit narrative about the precariousness of resurrecting science from its own suicidal rubble, to its implicit message—that there can be no civilization, truly, without literature and imagination.

Narrated by the title character in a bomb-ravaged voice as garbled as that of any Dickensian orphan, this is, perhaps, the most linguistically inventive novel since Burgess's *A Clockwork Orange*. Riddley is the first man to attempt a written chronicle since (what he calls) "Bad Tyme." His guiding obsession is the futility of "looking back" to gether the Lttl Shyning Man the Addorn." His story abounds with duplications of this theme. Within the plot's pattern, Riddley separates from his dead father, leaves his tribe, and forms spiritual kinships with characters beyond his grasp. Even women are kept outside the central narrative (though the thought of them hangs ripe on almost every page) because they are a source of sexual fusion.

It isn't too difficult a read; the language gets easier as it gains momentum. One scene, in which a piece of modern-day writing is grossly misinterpreted by one of these Dusk of Man Neanderthals, seems to parody the problem some contemporary readers encounter with Shakespeare. Riddley's ciphered prose, we are reminded, is as removed from our time as Shakespeare's. But *Riddley Walker* is worth whatever trouble it takes: it is brilliant, rewarding sf and ranks with two other works of fantasy—D. M. Thomas's *The White Hotel* and Italo Calvino's *If on a Winter's Night a Traveler*, among the best novels, period, of last year.

The Cosmic Carnival of Stanislaw Lem (Continuum Press) corrals a representative and highly diverse sampling from the sf *oeuvre* of Poland's most widely read and critically acclaimed novelist. In his introduction, editor Michael Kandel describes Lem as "didactic," a view upheld by this basically buoyant anthology, whose overview extends from the sanely noted interplanetary travels of *Solaris* to the delicious Gogolian absurdities of *The Star Diaries*. Moving through the book, one sees Lem's literary influences noticeably shift from John W. Campbell (*The Invincible*) to Borges and Nabokov (an analysis of an imaginary novel from *A Perfect Vacuum*), but his own personality remains miraculously unchanged—retaining its wisdom, humor, and emboldened willingness to dabble with form.

This book wonderfully displays Stanislaw Lem in all his chameleonic intellectualism: romantic, dramatic, comic, paranoiac—thus providing a valuable menu to a multilayered author.

—Timothy R. Lucas

GUITAR GOD-DOM PART ONE

Robert Fripp's return to first-division rock 'n' roll (that level of the industry which acquires money and accolades) under the guise of King Crimson also signals his return to the act of collaboration. The reconvened Crimson brings together four musicians of equally vigorous musical abilities, i.e., the unorthodox solo style of guitarist Adrian Belew, the strenuous force of drummer Bill Bruford, and the imaginative fingering of bassist Tony Levin. Of course, the band is built along the guidelines and intentions of Fripp's general vision, but it is not only Fripp's remarkable singularity that is spotlighted here on *Discipline* (Warner Bros.) or in their live performance.

The triumph of King Crimson extends from this cooperation. In its streamlined, modernized form, this Crimson emphasizes the gestalt formed from cooperation—even in what influences shape it. Influences such as Balinese gamelan structure (a series of multitonal polyrhythmic patterns shifting in and out of phase) and African syncopations demand acquiescence of the individual for the result of the whole. In Fripp's previous projects, after the first Crimson disbanded seven years ago, he either acted solo or as central generator and controller of ideas. With Crimson, though his impact as a seminal guitarist/musical ideologue is still immense, Fripp's choice of comrades insures Crimson's revitalization. With another three, this might be a mere retread, but with this collaboration (particularly when Belew's wild pounds on synthesized guitar skew along Fripp's piercing single line runs during "Indiscipline"), the King Crimson concept of ensemble progressive rock and intellectually muscular heavy metal is not only updated but also redefined.

In spite of a relocation in time and space from the early-sixties L.A. surfer scene to the N.Y. new wave of the eighties, the Raybeats' tune and place are still long gone. Their debut album, *Guitar Beat* (PVC Records), merely re-dresses the old structures of surf music in new clothes (Lower East Side thrift shop). Although old-time saxophonist Nino Tempo might be proud to hear these echoes of the ground he covered long ago, this reclamation of the rock past (an instrumental form) adds no new wrinkles to the future rock-history books

—Brad Balfour

Soft Covered

The temper and temperament of the times are most accurately reflected in the popular arts—movies, TV, comic art, advertising, and paperback book covers. All told, paperbacks are one of the past forty years' popular art forms that grew as small and big business. Romantic, erotic, fantastic, sensational, terrifying, bizarre, sentimental, horrifying, these images are coming

to increased interest in the old paperbacks has sparked the job publishers like Pocket Books's Stanton & Lee, Bluejay Books's Nolan & Greenberg, Crown's Harmony & Geoffrey O'Brien's *Hardboiled America*, and Ian Nostrand's *Sleaze*. The Schneemans' book is both a history and an index to particular fascinated writers, but it is also important to become a basic and reference work. O'Brien's book is both a history (much less a detailed than Schneeman's) and a personal perception of the pulp effect on the author. Though my novels, and the films that went with it, the early O'Brien the most with their apotheosis in Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer. The embodiment of Spillane's vision—his sensuality, his contemporaneous with a fifties fascination with communism as the anti-Christ. A hidden history of America written in the covers. It's a history you won't find in the textbooks.

—Jonathan White

AddendA

I've got to hand it to publisher Dennis Kitchen for preserving a major institution in pop culture. One that has defined comic art, film noir, and the detective story is Will Eisner's adventures of the Spirit. So, with the appearance of the thirtieth issue of *The Spirit* (No. 2 Swamp Rd., Princeton, WI 54968), an inserted thirty-six-page comics jam (which includes Corben and Brad Balfour Kurtzman) pays tribute to Eisner's creation and furthers the myth. Through it all the Spirit's message comes across: it's hard being a hero in this or any day and age; life's tough for him, and tougher still because he has to up the morals while taking the shit—especially when all he really wants to do is kick some shit. Eisner's kept up the message all these years, this tribute is long overdue

True hero-worshipers live on and publish fanzines hailing comic-book heroes—such as *Amazing Heroes* (Zam Inc., Box 4656, Stamford, CT 06907), a tawdry yet engaging publication for the terminally adolescent. All well and good are these chronicles of *Dial H for Heroes* and *The Teen Titans*, but how much can you flog chronologies under the guise of heavy lit scholarship? Comics do deserve consideration but not such dire deliberation, okay?

As for codifying the images of science fiction, artist Vincent Di Fate's *Catalog of Science Fiction Hardware* (Workman) does little to enhance the understanding. Rather, the book simply reduces sf images to a set of idealized sf toys without really pruning the pump of wonder or altered reality. Instead of aiding in understanding sf as a truly speculative literature, this book makes it all seem like techno-masturbation. Maybe the fault lies in the de facto packaging of Di Fate's art, which was originally done for other assignments (paperback covers and such). Its journeymanlike quality merely takes the extraordinary and makes it ordinary.

Booka-Saurus

For anyone who was a child when first they stood in front of a bronto skeleton in a museum, *The Dinosaurs* (Bantam) is the Holy Grail. Nothing I've seen on the saurians even approaches artist William Stout and writer William Service's grand tour of the Mesozoic. One turns the pages with lingering joy, never expecting to be more astonished. There is a grandeur here, such intelligence in both line and language, such sheer magic that the book fairly sings with wonder. Happiest of dreamers will be those who find its supersaurus.

Harlan Ellison

As horror keeps coming on strong, hot, and bloody (check out the splatter films *Strange Behavior*, for slow but well-tempered moodiness, and *Nightmare*, for its psychological mind bending), it makes its way into the new wave, witness Bauhaus's danceable 1979 tune "Bela Lugosi's Dead" and the more recent "Norman Bates" single by Landscape. Anybody out there know of other horror-oriented pop songs?

To be seen soon: Deborah Harry and James Woods in David Cronenberg's *Videodrome*, described as an sf shocker. Dick Smith does special effects.

If David Byrne's collaboration with modern-dance choreographer Twyla Tharp, *The Catherine Wheel*, wasn't quite an innovation of the interaction of dance and rock, it did create a substantial piece of music. Now out as a single album with edited excerpts, its panoply of Afro/funk/soul rhythms proves Byrne's assertion of his own primitive-futurist ethos (he almost out-Eno's Eno at his own Africanization game), but it raises some questions as to the Talking Heads' future beyond the current two-disc live set. Well, have no fear (of no music). The Heads are committed to a tour this spring and another studio album with King Crimson guitarist Adrian Belew (who is soon releasing his first solo album, on Island). As to Crimson itself, it's committed to at least one more album in the coming year. And T-Heads-ites Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth's success with Tom Tom Club ("Genius of Love") increases the chance of there being a TTC second disc, as well as the inclusion of Tom Tom Club and T-Heads keyboardist Jerry Harrison's material (from his first solo, The Red and the Black) on the next tour. David Byrne also produced the latest B-52s album, *Mesopotamia*—now out. Busy bunch.

Ah, the vagaries of the pop-music world: for example, why did the techno-funk dance band Medium Medium release their EP on Cachalot Records with both the dance mix and the original mix of their rock-club hit "So Hungry, So Angry"? Why did Siouxsie Sue (of the Banshees) and drummer Budgie do such a futuristically primitive groove on their Creatures EP—being trendy, eh? And how come such a change from contemporary ska for ex-Specials lead singer Terry Hall, singer Neville Staples, and guitarist Lynval Golding when they formed Fun Boy Three? The dirgelike "The Lunatics Have Taken Over the Asylum" single (Chrysalis-Import) with the electronic drone song "Faith Hope and Charity" just don't make it!

Photograph by Christine Rodin

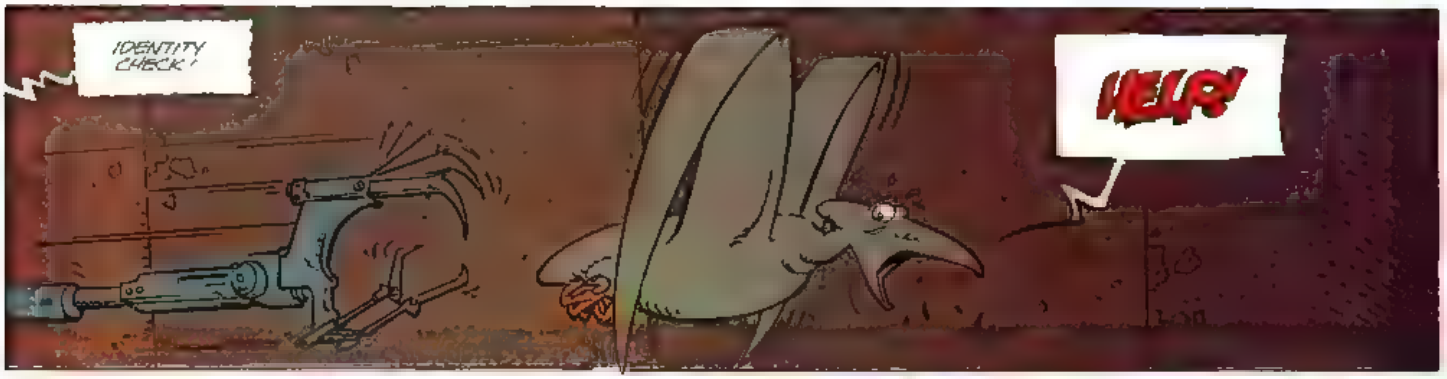
What next? First we had new-wave fashion, now we have new-wave bowling alleys? Though it's happening first here in New York, it may be coming to your city next. As pictured at left (left to right), Jon Simon and Alan Platt are the proprietors of the Bowling Club, a two-nightly (from midnight to dawn) bowling session in N.Y.C.'s Village, on University Place. The club features new-wave music and regulars such as Johnny Lydon (né Rotten), Lydia Lunch, Iggy Pop, and most of the other rockers on the scene. Is there a future for new wave? Get your bowling shoes on and your Talking Heads LPs and start your own bowling club.

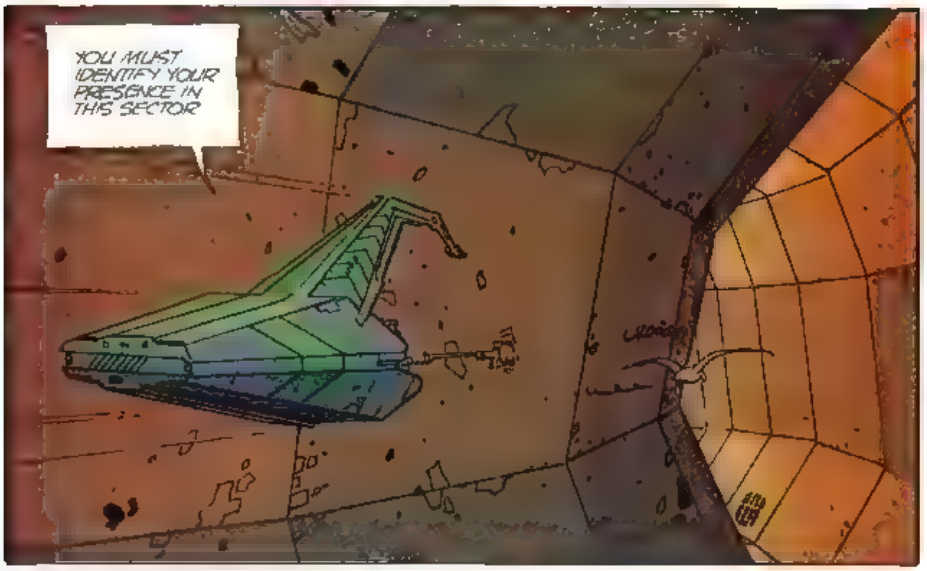
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

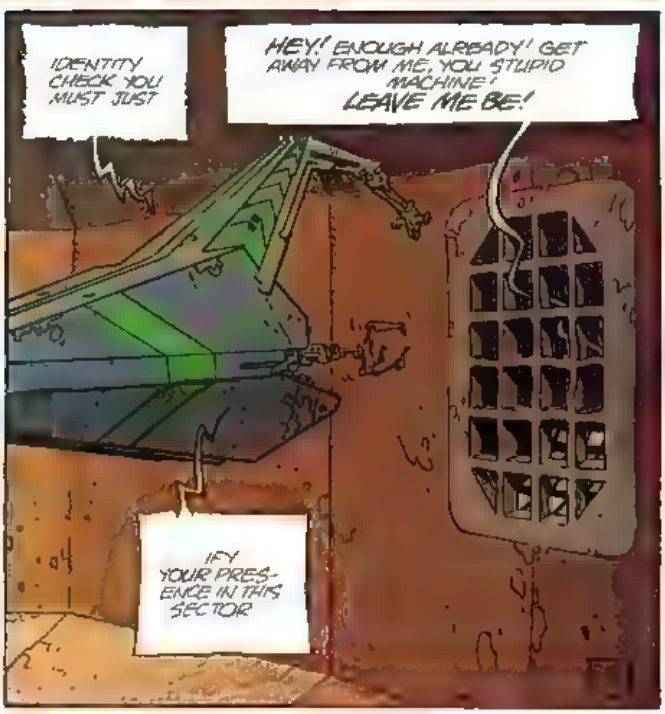
THE INCAL LIGHT

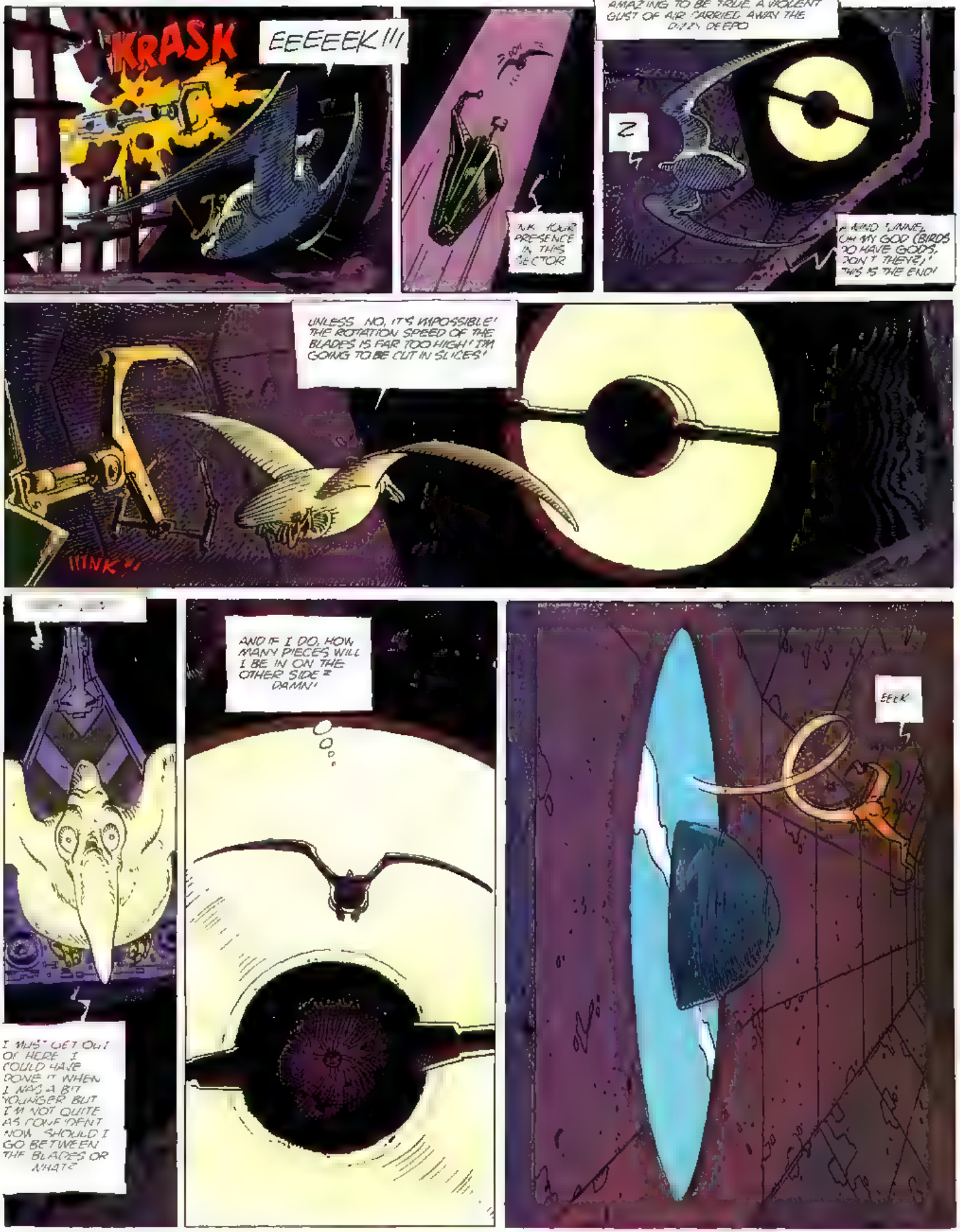
HAIL DARKNESS!

WHEN LAST WE READ THERE WAS A REVOLUTION IN THE BURIED CITY. JOHN DIFOOL HAD NO IDEA THAT THE KILLER META BARON HAD BEEN THROWN ONTO HIS HEELS BY **AMOK**—THAT INFAMOUS CORPORATION OF KILLERS AND NEER-DO-WELLS. WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE THROUGH THE TECHNOS CITADEL, HE FOUND HIMSELF A PRISONER OF THE TECHNO-POPE. NEEDLESS TO SAY, HIS FINE-FEATHERED SIDEKICK, DEEPO, IS IN NO BETTER POSITION.

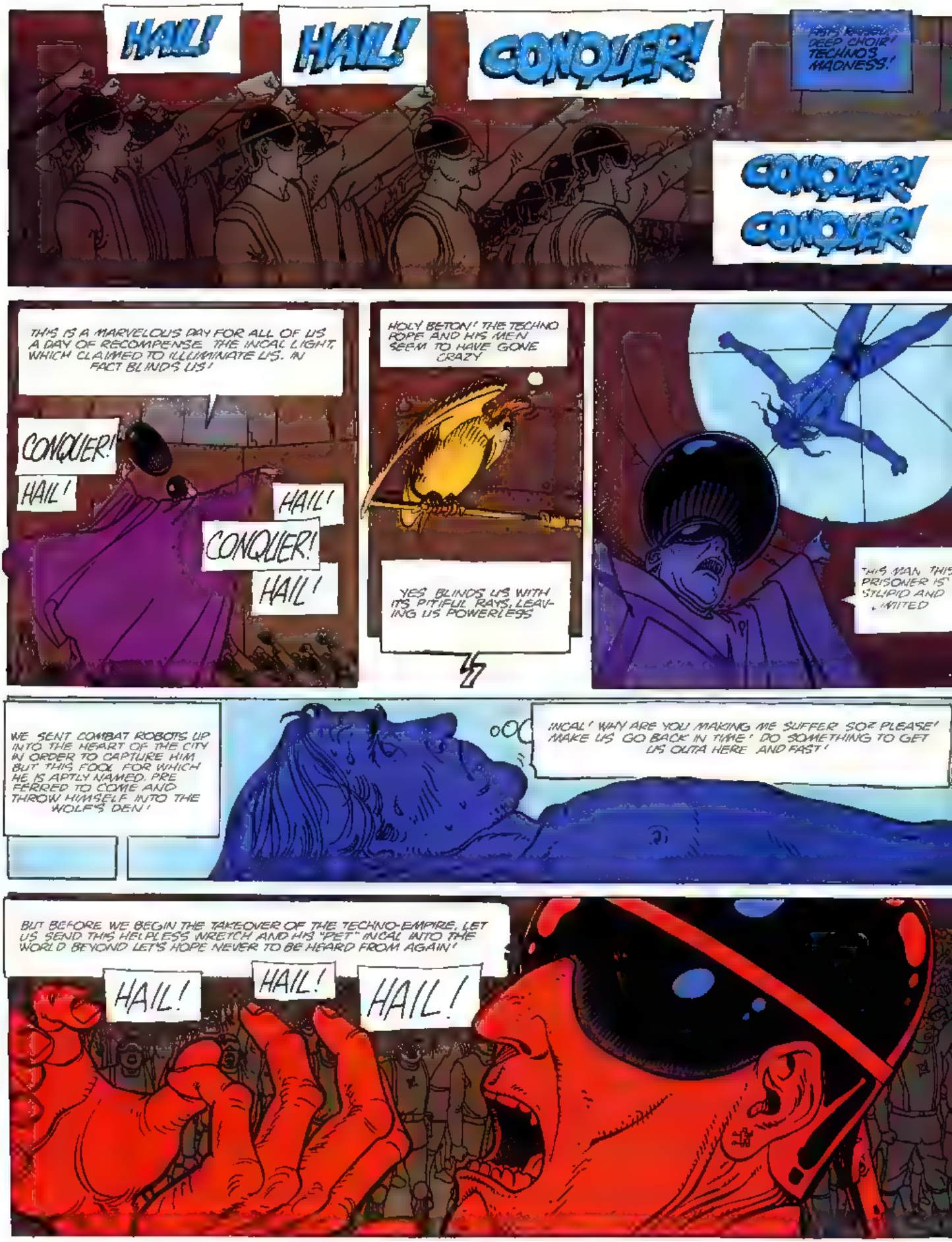





IDENTITY CHECK YOU MUST JUST
HEY! ENOUGH ALREADY! GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU STUPID MACHINE! LEAVE ME BE!
IFY YOUR PRES-ENCE IN THIS SECTOR

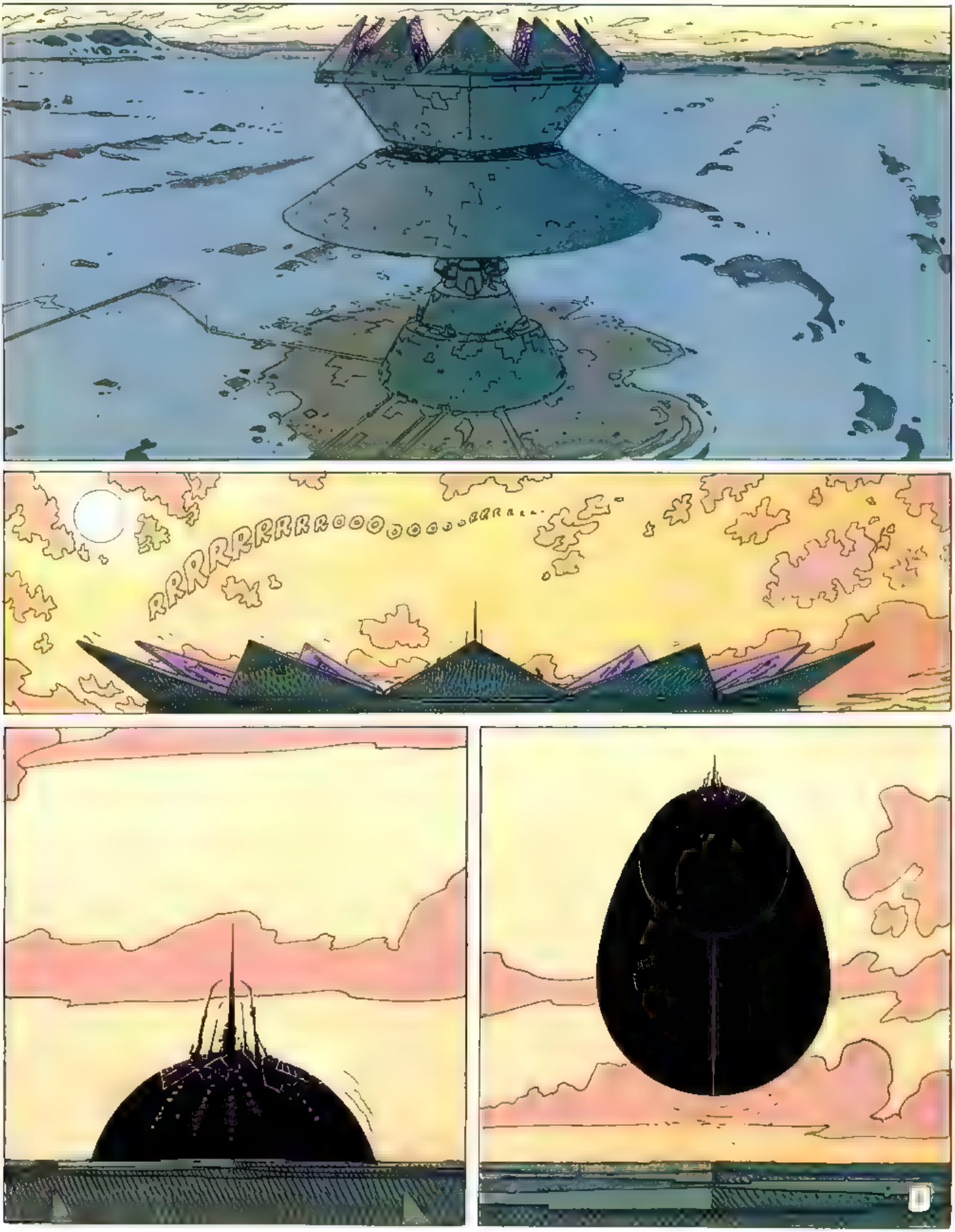

KRASK
EEEEEK!!!
N.K. YOUR PRESENCE IN THIS SECTOR
THEN SUDDENLY AS IF IT WERE TOO AMAZING TO BE TRUE, A VIOLENT GUST OF AIR CARRIED AWAY THE DUST DEEPO
2
A KIND, UNNE, UM MY GOD (BIRDS DO HAVE GODS, DON'T THEY?) THIS IS THE END!
UNLESS NO, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE ROTATION SPEED OF THE BLADES IS FAR TOO HIGH! I'M GOING TO BE CUT IN SLICES!
IIINK!!
I MUST GET OUT OF HERE I COULD HAVE DONE IT WHEN I WAS A BIT YOUNGER BUT I'M NOT QUITE AS CONFIDENT NOW SHOULD I GO BETWEEN THE BLADES OR WHAT?
AND IF I DO, HOW MANY PIECES WILL I BE IN ON THE OTHER SIDE? DAMN!
EEEK!

HURRAY! I SWAMMED IT A BIT BUT I MADE IT 'THROUGH' WINGS AND ALL
GUESS I'M TO SO RUSTY AT TER AL
IN ANY EVENT THAT CRAZED MACHINE WON'T FOLLOW ME THROUGH' AH IF ONLY DIFOOL COULD HAVE SEEN ME
GOOD NOW LET ME CATCH MY BEARINGS AND EVALUATE THE SITUATION I MUST TRY AND LOCATE DIFOOL
IF I HUH THAT'S ATROCIOUS!
THERE HE IS' AND HE'S IN THE HANDS OF THE TECHNO POPE THE MASTER FOOL!
OH NOA DON'T LEAVE ME NOW!
TONIGHT'S ALLIANCE WITH THE TENEBRAE WILL PROVE REWARDING

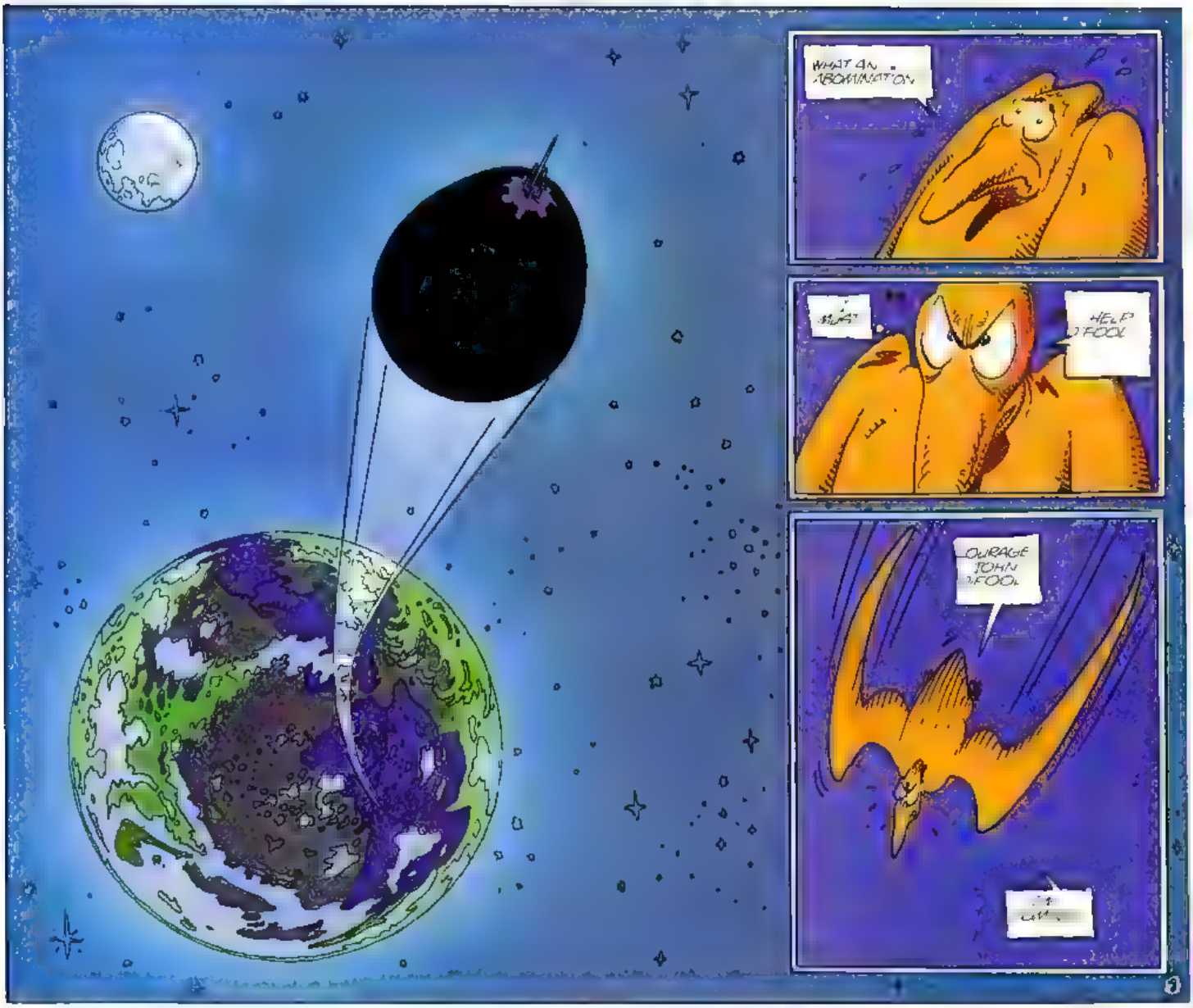

HAIL!
HAIL!
CONQUER!
DEEP CHOIR! TECHNO'S MADNESS!
CONQUER!
CONQUER!
THIS IS A MARVELOUS DAY FOR ALL OF US A DAY OF RECOMPENSE. THE INCAL LIGHT, WHICH CLAIMED TO ILLUMINATE US, IN FACT BLINDS US!
CONQUER!
HAIL!
HAIL!
CONQUER!
HAIL!
HOLY BETON! THE TECHNO POPE AND HIS MEN SEEM TO HAVE GONE CRAZY
YES, BLINDS US WITH ITS PITIFUL RAYS, LEAVING US POWERLESS
THIS MAN, THIS PRISONER IS STUPID AND LIMITED
WE SENT COMBAT ROBOTS UP INTO THE HEART OF THE CITY IN ORDER TO CAPTURE HIM. BUT THIS FOOL, FOR WHICH HE IS APTLY NAMED, PREFERRED TO COME AND THROW HIMSELF INTO THE WOLF'S DEN!
INCAL! WHY ARE YOU MAKING ME SUFFER SO? PLEASE! MAKE US GO BACK IN TIME! DO SOMETHING TO GET US OUTTA HERE AND FAST!
BUT BEFORE WE BEGIN THE TAKEOVER OF THE TECHNO-EMPIRE, LET US SEND THIS HELPLESS WRETCH AND HIS "PET" INCAL INTO THE WORLD BEYOND. LET'S HOPE NEVER TO BE HEARD FROM AGAIN!
HAIL!
HAIL!
HAIL!

THERE THE INCAL WILL DEVOUR THE LIGHT OF THE SUNS UP TO THE LAST PHOTON GLORIOUSLY RETURNING IMMACULATE BLACKNESS TO THE COSMOS AND AFTERWARDS- DESERVEDLY, I MIGHT ADD- THE REIGN OF THE TENEBRAE WILL BE MINE!
HAIL DARKNESS!
HAIL DARKNESS!
HOW WILL I BE ABLE TO HELP JOHN DIFOOL NOW?
BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
HAIL DARKNESS!
SUDDENLY A MUFFLED RUMBLING DISTURBED THE IMMENSE CHAMBER AND A FREEZING WIND PENETRATED DEEPO'S HEART!
NOW WHAT'S GOING ON?
HAIL DARKNESS!
PRRRRRRRRR
OH SHUT UP, YOU FOOLS! INCAL, PLEASE DO SOMETHING!
PLEASE!
NOW GO, EGG OF THE SHADOW-THE INCAL'S NEMESIS
COVER THE UNIVERSE WITH YOUR BLACKNESS!

UNVEILING THE PERFECT AND IMPERATIVE FORM OF THE EGG OF THE SHADOW
LET THE TENEBRAE BE!
HAIL DARKNESS!


RRRR

HAIL TENEBRAE!



TO BE CONTINUED

TALES OF THE GALACTIC INN:

HYCROTAN'S STORY

JOSÉ MA BEA FONT

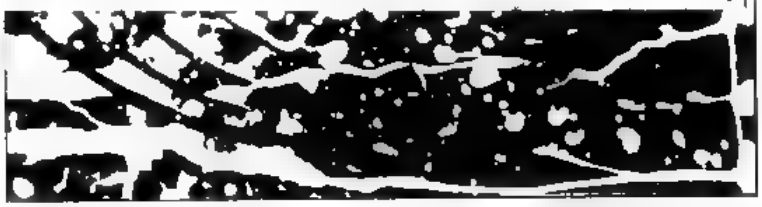
FRANKLY I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TRUE THIS STORY IS. YOU KNOW HYCROTAN— SUFFICE IT TO SAY HE'S BEEN KNOWN TO STRETCH THE TRUTH!
I'M SURE I REMEMBER THAT ONE OF THOSE DRAWN OUT TITLE BITTIES OF HIS LED TO THE TOSHIN EMPIRE SWAP BUT OH WELL THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH
WELL TO START WITH I'M NOT QUITE SURE HOW HYCROTAN MANAGED TO GET INSIDE THIS GUY TAYLOR'S HEAD BUT HE DID AND SAW SOME PRETTY WEIRD THINGS
HE WAS A LITTLE ATTY NUT AND USED TO GET A KICK OUTTA EAVESDROPPING ON OTHER FOLK'S DIRTY THOUGHTS! HEH HEH!

ANYWAY-IT BEGAN AROUND THE TIME OF THAT GOD-AWFUL ARMY EXPEDITION AT THE BELLINGHAUSEN SEA IT'S COLDER THAN A WITCH'S WELL, YOU GET MY DRIFT IT'S PRETTY DAMN COLD UP THERE!
WHAT THE HELL IS THE MATTER WITH TAY? HEY, TAYLOR YOU OKAY? HE SEEMS STUNNED, LIKE IN A TRANCE!
THIS IS CONTROL WE HAVE LOST BASE BELL SEA ON OUR RADAR SCAN REQUEST FURTHER ORDERS REPEAT, REQUEST FURTHER ORDERS IF FURTHER ORDERS ARE NOT ADVISED, WILL HAVE TO ISSUE MAY DAY
MAYDAY CONFIRMED EMERGENCY ALERT IS NOW ON
CONNECT PRIVATE LINE OF MAJOR COOPER WE NEED MOH

S.WEATHER
VALID
CH 701
VC10 490
EGLL
330
DAY
HEY LOOK AT THIS! WHAT KIND OF SYMBOL IS THIS? IT'S NOT IN THE CODE BOOK
ALERT COLORADO DELTA-CO. NO NEW TRANSMISSIONS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED
LITTLE DID THEY KNOW THAT THE UNDETERMINED CODE WAS MERELY A SALVATION AND RESCUE WARNING THEY LOVED TO PLAY WITH THOSE COMPUTERS
ALL BODIES SHOW SIGNS OF
BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF TAYLOR ANYWHERE!
TOM! LOOK AT THE CODE ENGRAVED IN THE MOUNTAIN OVER THERE! COULD IT BE SOME KIND OF LASER SCAN?

THIS SYMBOL LOOKS LIKE THE ONE THAT WAS FOUND OFF THE ROSS SEA COAST LAST YEAR I WONDER WHAT THE HELL IT MEANS!
WELL SEEING AS WE FALL UNDER THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT THIS THING SHOULD BE TAKEN CARE OF BY THE INTELLIGENCE SECTION. LETS TRY AND FIND TAYLOR MAYBE HE CAN SHED SOME LIGHT ON THE SITUATION

SOMEWHERE DEEP WITHIN HIM HE WAS EAGER TO LIBERATE THE CAUSE THAT THIS MYSTERIOUS SYMBOL REPRESENTED. WHATEVER THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.



THEY NEVER TRACED TAYLOR HE HIMSELF DIDN'T KNOW HOW HE HAD MANAGED TO GET IN TO SUCH A PREDICAMENT. HE SUDDENLY MATERIALIZED IN AN ODD, REMOTE SPOT OF THE COUNTRY.

HE HAD THIS OBSESSION TO DRAW THAT MYSTICAL SIGN OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

WHEREVER HE WAS HE WOULD [illegible]

AS IF SOMETHING WAS LEADING HIS HAND

HIS EYES, TURNED INSIDE OUT READING HIS MIND FROM WITHIN BUT HE KNEW THAT HE WAS NOT PREPARED FOR THE ASSIMILATION OF THE INNER LIGHT

HE FELT INTERMITTENT SEGETALLINE BURSTS PARTICLES OF THE UNIVERSE UNITS OF SPACE IN TURMOIL ALL SCRAMBLED INSIDE HIS BRAIN.

HE SAW A WILD STREAM OF ODD SHAPES, AND IT BECAME VERY CLEAR TO HIM THAT SOMEONE SOMETHING WAS COMMANDING THE THOUGHTS IN HIS BRAIN. HE COULD THINK OF NOTHING BUT THOSE JAMMED SHAPES AND THAT ODD SIGN.

BUT SUDDENLY A TANGIBLE REVELATION STRUCK HIM. HE SAW BEFORE HIM HIPPARCHUS OF NICEA THE ASTRONOMER WHO WAS MOST FAMOUS FOR HIS INVENTION OF THE ASTRO-LABE

AND AS IF HIPPARCHUS' PENED SOME OVER-FLOWING STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS HIS MIND WAS INVADED BY NAMES LIKE HERSCHEL PTOLEMY HEVELIUS AND OTHER PEOPLE WHO HAD MET THE CELESTIAL MECHANICS HISTORY IN THEIR OBSERVATION OF THE UNIVERSE HERE WHERE THE PUZZLE BEGAN.

THESE VISIONS WERE FOLLOWED BY SCENES OF HUMAN TRAGEDY DISASTER RUINS CONVULSIONS OF THE EARTH
HIS TROUBLED BRAIN WAS CUT IN TWO BY A BLACK SHROUD THAT WAS BESPECKLED BY SPARKLING STARS
WAS APPARENT THAT THIS ATTEMPT, VIA THIS ODD SHAPE WAS TOWARD COMMUNICATION THROUGH INTERRELATED IMAGES THE ASTRONOMER BUNSAM AND HIS CURIOUS DISEASE AND DISAPPEARING
GETTYSBURG JULY 1863 DURING THE MASSACRE TWO SQUADRONS OF ABOUT 30 MEN HAD INEXPLICABLY VANISHED THE VARIOUS IMAGES OF APPEARED AND EVEN MORE FRIGHTENING PICTURES OF HUMANITY POSSESSED HIM

BUT AS IF A BREATHLESS WIND SWEPT WITHIN HIM, THE PIECES ALL BEGAN TO INTERLOCK. TAYLOR'S HEAD WAS CLEAR WHEN THE REALIZATION HIT HIM.

THE SCORPION!

CRASH!

THE PUZZLE HAD BEEN RESOLVED. LET ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED. TAYLOR WASN'T A MAN AFTER ALL. A COSMIC INDUCTION URGED HIM TO FLEE FROM HIS MATERIAL HELL AND PASS ON TO A MOST DESIRABLE STATE... IMMORTAL!

SCREEEEE!!!

SCORPION, YOU'RE CALLING ME EACH SOUL IS A LIAR?

HIPPARCHUS, HERSCHEL, THEY ALL FOLLOWED YOU. THEY WORSHIPPED YOU. THOSE WHO VANISHED HAD THE ESSENCE OF THEIR BEING WITHHELD BY YOU, SCORPION. CAN'T YOU SEE MY DESIRE TO MELT INTO YOUR BOTTOMLESS VOID?

I AM AN ANGEL. I WAKE SELF TO BE BEFORE YOUR PRESENCE OR ANY ENTITY OF MY TO THAT SOARING IN TO THE BLACK HEAT, MAY REACH YOUR DIVINE NOTHING?

ENCE

HUH? YEAH SURE HONEY SOMETHING ABOUT A MAN WHO WAS BITTEN BY A SCORPION RIGHT?
GEEE I'M SORRY I WALKED IN AFTER HE GOT THE PIGEON PREGNANT MAMA, WHAT A TOTAL NEGATIVE BORE HE IS
AT THE TIME SEVERAL ASTRONOMERS NOTICED THE APPEARANCE OF A NEW STAR IN THE SCORPION CONSTELLATION AND I HAVE NOTICED THAT NONE OF YOU HAVE HEARD A WORD I SAID IF I DON'T TELL YOU A SORDID SEX SCANDAL I LOSE YOUR ATTENTION MEEP ATEL!
SCREW THE DISAPPEARING MAN BIT HOW'S ABOUT YOU AND ME GETTING ER ACQUAINTED
FOR TWENTY GULDENS I'LL DO IT BUT HEY I GOTTA TAKE A SHORT TRIP THAT OWN COULD GET PRETTY HORNY UP THERE!

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Illustration by Alan Lynch

NIGHTMARE DEATH

by Jeff Goldberg

Everybody knows that dreams can't kill. That's just the stuff of tales by Edgar Allan Poe and H. P. Lovecraft. And the bit that goes "If you dream you die, you won't wake up" is nothing but an old wives' tale. Lots of people, night after night, dream they die, and live to tell about it. Dreams of death are just Freudian wish fulfillment, an orgasm metaphor, or an expression of hidden guilt, nothing fatal about it. Dreams can't kill, because dreams aren't real. They have no guns with which to shoot you, no fire with which to burn you, no fingers with which to strangle you. So, nobody dies from their dreams, everybody knows that. Well, perhaps, but consider the case of Cheng Moua.

In May 1980 Cheng Moua, an otherwise healthy thirty-three-year-old member of a Laotian hill tribe called the Hmong (mong), went to sleep in the Los Angeles suburb of Santa Ana. A few hours later, his wife awakened to find him thrashing about, moaning and gasping, his fists clenched, foam gathering at his lips. Her attempts to wake him were useless. In minutes, Cheng Moua stopped moaning and fell back on his pillow, dead. Standard autopsy reports revealed a "greatly dilated heart" and "petechial hemorrhages in the pericardium, pleura and peritoneum," which helped the coroner not a bit. There was absolutely nothing wrong with the man—except he was dead, killed, seemingly, by his dreams.

"Nightmare death syndrome," the scientists call it, and it typically strikes men from areas of Southeast Asia and the South Pacific where culture and daily life remain quite primitive. It's not a new phenomenon. Similar incidents were recorded by Mark Twain when he was a correspondent for the *Sacramento Union*, on a visit to Hawaii back in 1864. "To this day," he observed, "the natives are

able to be down and die whenever they want to. If a Kanaka takes a notion to die, that is the end of him; no one can persuade him to hang on, all the doctors in the world could not save him."

The most spectacular outbreak in this century occurred among Filipinos transplanted to Hawaii following the Second World War. These most recent incidents have all occurred among Hmong tribesmen currently living in the American Midwest and California. Ghosts of Vietnam, about 35,000 Hmong fled to America over the last decade.

In the Philippines the syndrome is called *bangungut*, meaning "nightmare" (literally, *bangun* "to rise," *ungul*—"to moan"). There's only one, lone survivor in the extensive annals of the phenomenon. He claimed when he awoke that "a little man" was sitting on his chest, strangling him. Of course, the "little man" was ignored by scientists seeking the cause and cure of *bangungut*, who have advanced and rejected many theories every bit as strange.

Modern Pathology Marches On

So far no one has unraveled the mystery of nightmare death. In 1955, Alvin V. Majoska—then a Honolulu coroner's physician—presented a sensational study entitled "Mystery Death," chronicling twenty-six cases of *bangungut* among Filipino laborers living in Hawaii. In the Philippines, Manila medical examiner Mariano Lara read the study and, combining it with his own research, theorized that death was caused by carbon dioxide bubbled up during the digestion of rice, in quantities sufficient to swell the stomach and stop the heart. (The Lara theory was laid to rest a few years later by J. B. Nolasco and Francisco Rogue, who inserted balloons into the stomachs of dogs and pumped them up to see whether a fatal heart attack could be precipitated. It couldn't.)

Other theories advanced and rejected include poisoning for insurance, accidental poisoning from spurs attached to fighting cocks, necrotizing pancreatitis, and plain overeating. Nils P. Larsen, M.D., in an article called "The Men with Deadly Dreams" (*Saturday Evening Post*, Dec. 5, 1955), referred to "poisonous proteins."

In 1948 alone there were five cases of *bangungut* among Filipino Hawaiians. The deaths prompted Dr. Augusto Quirologico to launch his "intestinal flukes" theory. The victims died because of parasites, he argued, acquired from eating raw mullet.

Owing to its extreme oddity, Filipino food was, understandably, the prime target for research during the *bangungut* flap of the forties and fifties. The most brilliant proponent of the culinary theory was Dr. J. B. Nolasco, who in 1956, after a night of perfectly awful dreams following a meal of *pacsew na dilis*—a small fish cooked in vinegar, onions, and "patis" (a variety of scum that forms on the surface of a vat of fish and shrimps left to decompose for several weeks; considered a great delicacy by the Filipinos)—proclaimed that the cause of nightmare death was definitely Filipino food. Patis, he hypothesized, contained a "thermostable vasodepressor," powerful enough to kill anything that moved.

To prove his point, Nolasco injected eleven mongrel dogs with barbital sodium—to set them dreaming, presumably—then shot them full of fish sauce through a "femoral cannula connected to a Murphy drip." The animals were injected with the stuff until they died; then Nolasco cut them up.

"Death due to respiratory failure," he announced. "Changes in the lungs . . . congestion, similar to interstitial bronchopneumonia or atelectasis" that is, "airlessness." Close enough. As far as Nolasco was concerned, the dogs died of *bangungut*, and it was the damned patis that done it!

He overlooked only one thing. All the victims were men. Were women immune to patis? Estrogen, p'haps?

Welcome to Civilization, to Rise Up to Moan

As of now, no *physical* cause has been isolated for *bangungut*. Instead, researchers favor the notion that the phenomenon—among the Hmong, anyway—is symptomatic of chronic "culture shock" from sudden and unexpected exposure to Westerners.

"It's a very real phenomenon," Dr. Roy Baron, currently heading the Centers for Disease Control investigation into the phenomenon, told *Heavy Metal*. "It's something we almost never see among the indigenous U.S. population—a natural death for which examiners cannot find a cause. These aren't homicides, suicides, or car accidents. It's not caused by inbreeding or hexing. We've found nothing unusual in their diet or environment."

The absence of a solid, identifiable cause for the syndrome prompted Dr. Andrew Vernon, Baron's predecessor at the CDC, to speculate instead that the Hmong are dying of fright, homesickness, and grief, attendant on relocating from the mountain jungles of Laos to the high-rises of urban America. If we take into account the overall circumstances, this makes a great deal of sense.

The Hmong, understand, have journeyed not only over distance but through *time* to get here, from the Stone Age to modern times in a matter of a few short decades. It's rather as if you or I were suddenly taken up in a flying saucer and transported to a four-dimensional universe. No frame of reference. Panic. Their culture in Laos resembled life in the heart of darkness, far upriver in *Apocalypse Now*. They've had an alphabet for only about thirty years! Until now they've lived in a gray area between waking and sleeping, between imagination and reality—the "dream time," the Australian aboriginals call it—inhabited by all manner of spirits and ghosts.

What must these people think of television? Or rationality? Rational men get neurotic and weird when things get too heavy or move too fast. It appears that these Stone Age folk sometimes just go to sleep and don't wake up, when things get *too* rational.

"Sudden death is just the tip of the iceberg," Dr. Joseph Westermeyer, a St. Paul, Minnesota, psychiatrist remarked by telephone from the clinic where he's been treating the Hmong for the past five years. "It's not like the Chinese or Japanese; it's like the American Indian coming here now, for the first time! The psychological and cultural costs have been horrendous.

"You can see it in their reaction to what we think of as ordinary problems—family problems, depression, paranoia. These aren't unusual or bizarre; they're very human. It's just that among the Hmong the severity is unusually great. The depression, or whatever, can linger for months and months, leaving the person totally incapacitated.

"It's as if they were catching our ordinary mental ailments, and because of the way they've lived, they have no natural immunity against them, so they get hit very hard. If I'd been asked five years ago whether or not to bring these people here, I might have said no."

In some ways the Hmong are like the ancient Greeks, who couldn't walk fifty feet without encountering some god or goddess. For the Greeks, this all began to change around 3500 B.C., following the catastrophic eruption of Mount Thera, the great barbarian invasion of the Peloponnese, and the invention of the alphabet. A small matter, really, this change of consciousness from which springs all of Western civilization—merely providing the capability to walk fifty feet without meeting some old spook—but conducing wonderfully to survival in times of natural catastrophe, winning wars, founding nations, and modern pathology. The New Man was rational! and the meanest s.o.b. in the valley.

Stragglers from the past have slowly been converted, their dream time changed to nightmare time. For the Hmong, the fatal vortex was the Vietnam War. They were tough warriors, loyal friends, and helpful collaborators during America's secret war in Laos twenty years ago. They also grew the best connoisseur opium in all of Southeast Asia for the successive Vietnamese governments of Ngo Dinh Diem and Nguyen Cao Ky, who both supplemented their war chests with profits from the dope trade.

American CIA planes came weekly throughout the sixties, dropping ricelike manna from the sky, so the Hmong grew *only* opium, prospering as long as they kept sending men to fight the communists. Then, one day, instead of rice, fire rained down from the all-sustaining sky and the Pathet Lao vengeance started. The Hmong made their way through the jungle to refugee camps in Thailand, and then to America. Most of the old ones died along the way, leaving their curses implanted for all time in the void. The survivors—that is, the ones that don't die of their dreams—are learning to be more rational.

Comments Dr. Joseph Davis, Dade County medical examiner and an expert on strange and unexpected death: "It's a matter of maybe three generations before they outgrow it. As the Indian judge told the English gentlewoman, 'The drums beat on for three generations.'"

But in St. Paul, Minnesota, every night, Leng Vang, one of the survivors, has the same nightmare: "I am in uniform and fighting the communists, being shot, being wounded, being punished, being forced to surrender. I am carrying an American briefcase and wearing American shoes. I think of putting the things away from me and

It's rather as if you or I were suddenly taken up in a flying saucer and transported to a four-dimensional universe.

dressing like a Hmong villager, so I will not seem to be educated by the Americans, so I would survive."

Several Strange, Unexpected, but Civilized Deaths

Though nothing along the lines of a classic *bangungut* attack appears anywhere in the historical record, strange and unexpected deaths are not exactly unknown among Westerners. One M. Morand, writing in the French Academy of Sciences' *Annual Register* in 1761, recorded an extraordinary example from northern Italy. Five women were returning from gathering sticks near their homes in Ventimiglia, when one of them cried out and suddenly dropped dead. M. Morand reported that her clothes and shoes were torn into fine shreds and scattered up to six feet around her; there were deep wounds in her head exposing her skull; the muscles on her right side had given way, exposing her intestines; her sacrum was broken and most internal organs ruptured or livid; her abdominal region bore many deep and parallel incisions; and the flesh of one hip and thigh was almost carried away, exposing the pubic bone and the broken head of the femur, which had been forced from its socket. She had, in a word, exploded!

Westerners have been attacked—though none so far has been killed—by invisible knife-wielding assailants. On Coventry Street, London, on the night of April 16, 1922, the newspaper *The People* noted, three men were stabbed in the throat, in separate incidents, by no one at all. Archeologists who go rummaging around in the tombs of pharaohs and other godforsaken places are particularly susceptible to strange maladies and sudden death. The demise of Lord Carnarvon on April 5, 1923—shortly after he'd broken into the burial chamber of Tutankhamen—is the classic case. Carnarvon had been warned not to open the tomb by Count Hamon, a famous mystic, better known as Cheiro, but wantonly decided, in his own words, to "challenge the psychic powers of the ages." Carnarvon returned to England intact, but on March 17 a naked man was reportedly seen by several witnesses running wild on Carnarvon's estate near Newbury, Hampshire. That day the explorer fell ill. The wild man of Newbury was frequently spotted until April 5—the day Carnarvon died—and never thereafter. (That "little man" again?)

In Western culture, though, the phenomenon that most closely parallels *bangungut*, in strangeness and suddenness if not in its symptoms, is spontaneous human combustion, wherein a living human body suddenly bursts into flames, from no apparent outside action, and is burnt to a crisp by a strange fire that consumes only flesh, leaving the victim's clothes and surroundings intact. There was the famous case of the Countess Bandi of Casena, whose head, legs, and three fingers were found in a heap of ashes near her bed one spring morning in 1731. Nothing else in the room was damaged by fire. A German book on jurisprudence, *Enzyklopadisches Worterbuch*, published in 1843, cites the case of a Mme. Millet, inexplicably reduced to cinders in Rheims, France. Close to home, the *New York Sun* reported (Jan. 24, 1930) the inquest of Mrs. Stanley Lake of Kingston, New York. "Although her body was severely burned," the coroner noted at the time, "her clothing was not even scorched." Mrs. Mary Reeser of St. Petersburg, Florida, met an even more spectacular end on July 1, 1951. Her landlady arrived at her apartment with a telegram to find only a blackened circle on the floor, a charred liver, a fragment of a backbone, and a skull shrunk to the size of a fist; there was no sign of fire anywhere else in the apartment.

These, however, are isolated and scattered incidents, occurring with nothing close to the frequency of the nightmare deaths reported among Filipinos and Hmong tribesmen. This we may attribute to our wonderful Western rationality. We assiduously refuse to believe in exploding people, invisible assailants, spontaneous human combustion, and nightmare death—though they assiduously persist in happening—and *because* we refuse to believe in them, they don't happen all that often. These primitive people, on the other hand, believe in dreams that kill, and consequently they regularly die of their nightmares. This just has to boggle your wonderful Western rational mind. Can rationality be *that* arbitrary?

And things really get complicated when you stop to consider that even Western schizophrenics—who are decidedly *irrational*—don't die of their dreams. Perhaps both our notions of rationality *and* irrationality are arbitrary, culturally conditioned, and much more rickety than we'd like to (rationally) think they are.

However it is, sudden strange and unexpected death is just exceedingly rare in the West, and this is what makes the nightmare deaths of Easterners so fascinating. Indeed, it's the frequency of occurrence that's the real mystery of *bangungut*. While Western scientists search in vain for a root cause of such deadly phenomena, more primitive men would wisely take them for a *sign*. Mysteries like nightmare death by their nature don't lend themselves to rational solutions, but they may, by their frequency, be telling us something. In this case the message the drums will be beating for the next three generations is chillingly precise: the Stone Age is dying in its sleep.

How a Persistent and Profound Emotional State May Induce a Disastrous Fall in Blood Pressure, Ending in Death

In 1942—close upon the heels of Dr. Curt Richter's awesome claim that he could kill wild rats simply by subjecting them to completely hopeless situations—a researcher named Walter Cannon published a paper entitled "Voodoo Death," in which he declared that he'd produced a *bangungut*-type syndrome in cats. Cannon's method was simple enough. He amputated the cerebral cortex of the animals, in so doing—so he claimed—ridding them of their "centers of intelligence," while leaving intact their "lower emotional centers." These cats were now creatures of the nightmare time. Any loud noise, sudden movement, or even stroking of their fur would produce paroxysms of what Cannon termed "sham rage": "The hairs stand on end, sweat exudes from the toe pads, the heart may rise from about 150 beats per minute to twice that number."

These symptoms commonly lasted three or four hours, by which time, Cannon proudly noted, "With no loss of blood or any other event to explain the outcome, the decorticate remnant in which this acme of emotional display has been prevailing ceases to exist."

His conclusion: fear kills.

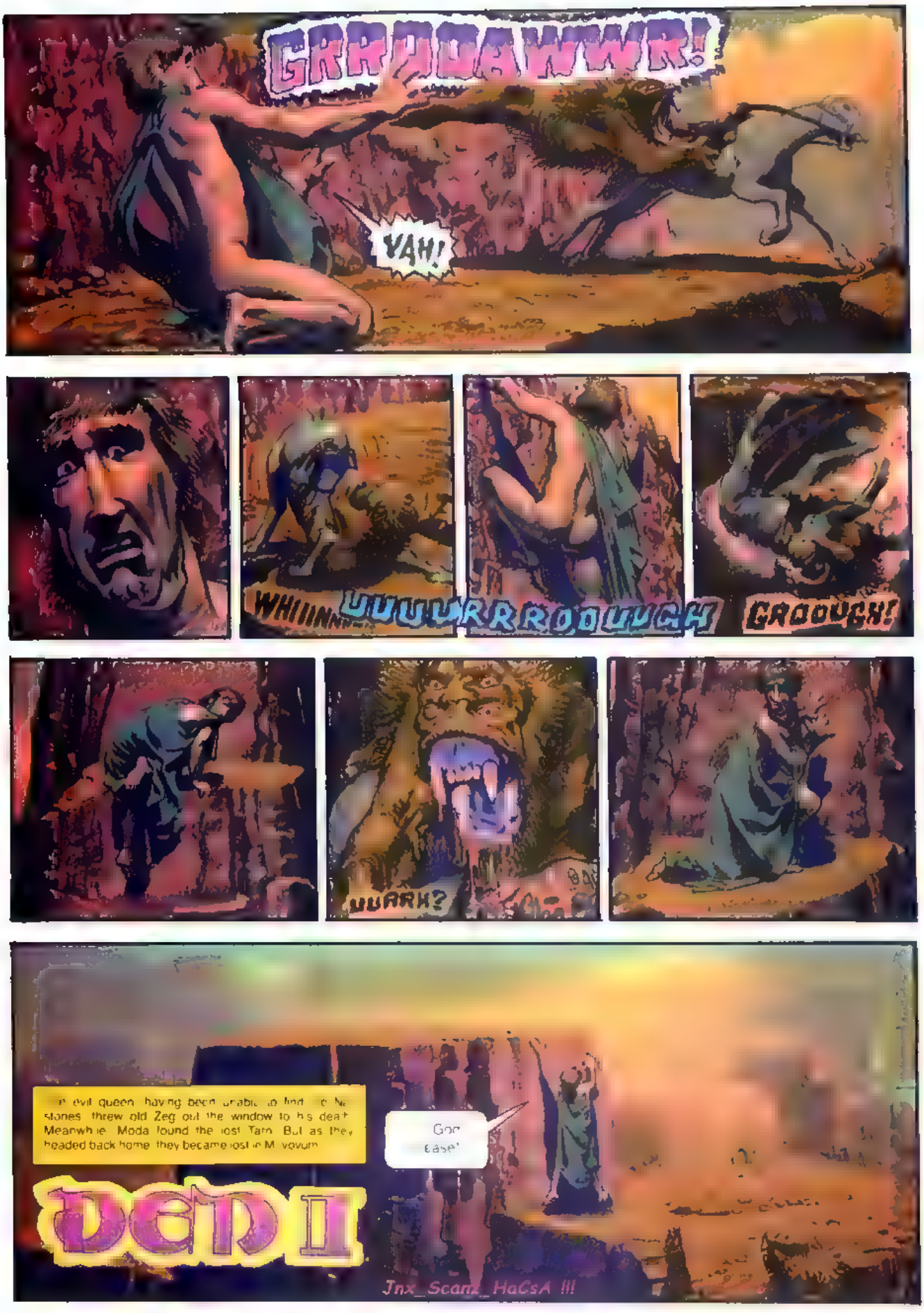
This is the bottom line on nightmare death. He who has observed the bone-pointing hex of the Australian bushmen has no doubt that fear, alone, can kill. "The man who discovers that he is being boned by any enemy," wrote one eyewitness, "is indeed a pitiable sight.

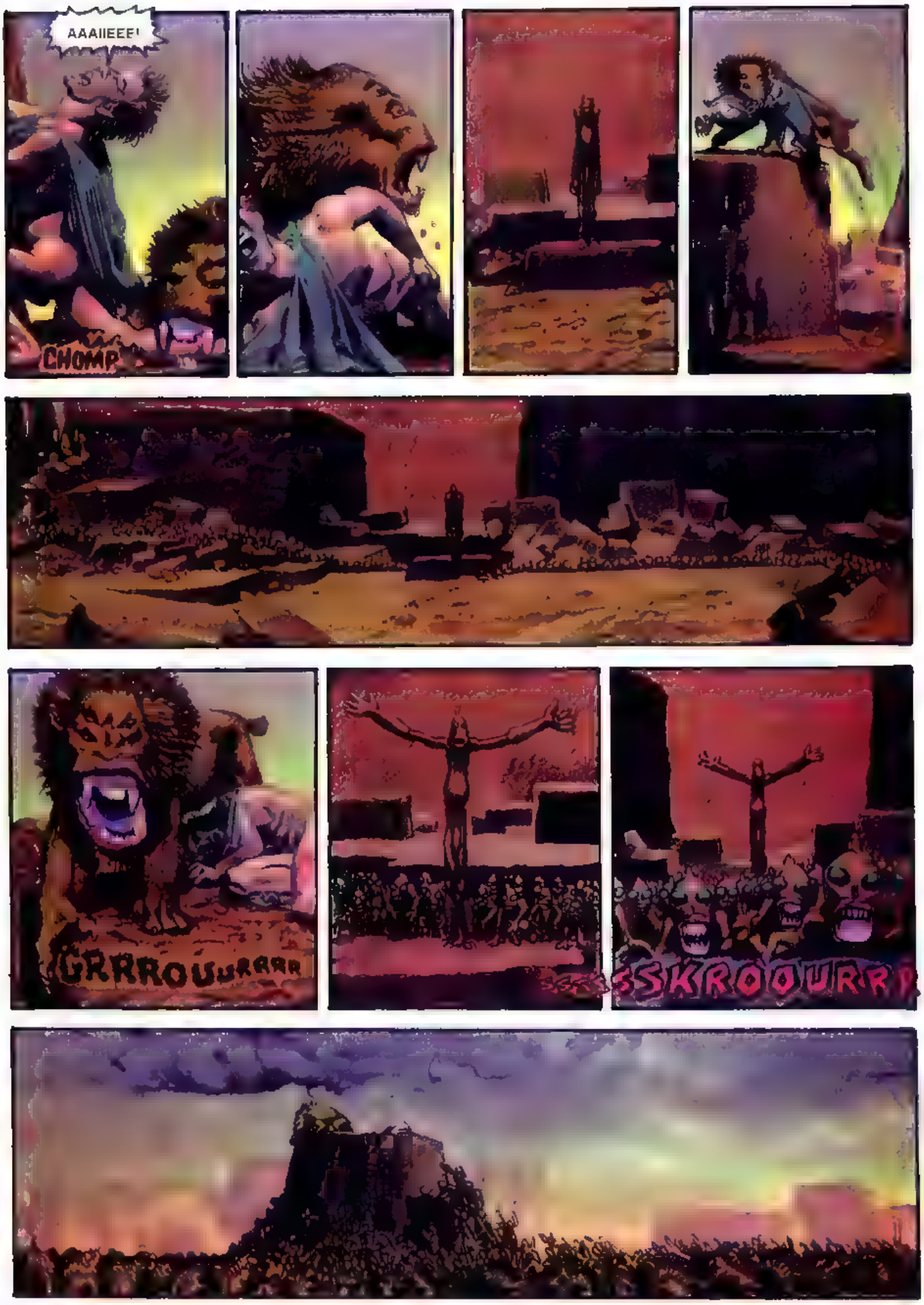
"He stands aghast, with his eyes staring at the treacherous pointer, and with his hands lifted as though to ward off the lethal medium, which he imagines is pouring into his body. His cheeks blanch and his eyes become glassy and the expression on his face becomes horribly distorted . . . He attempts to shriek but usually the sound chokes in his throat, and all that one might see is froth at his mouth. His body begins to tremble and the muscles twist involuntarily. He sways backwards and falls to the ground. . . After a while he becomes very composed and crawls to his wurley. From this time onwards he sickens and frets, refusing to eat and keeping aloof from the daily affairs of the tribe. . . His death is only a matter of a comparatively short time."

He who argues, though, that the Hmong are boning each other to death in their sleep is sorely mistaken. The witch doctor is an evil old man, crouched in front of a flickering candle, crushing a lock of hair in his special death bowl, and crooning for worms to crawl in and out of his victim's eyes, for his teeth to rot, his breath to stink, his tongue to blacken, his liver to shrivel, his stomach to burst, his bones to break. But he's not to blame. He hasn't been putting the nightmare hex on his people. The Hmong don't practice deadly shamanism.

Ponder deeply, dear reader, for he who bones now must surely get boned. The Stone Age is dying in its sleep. Could it be symptomatic of exposure to Westerners? The wheel turns. The curse of the old ones is on us. Our dreams beckon us. ●

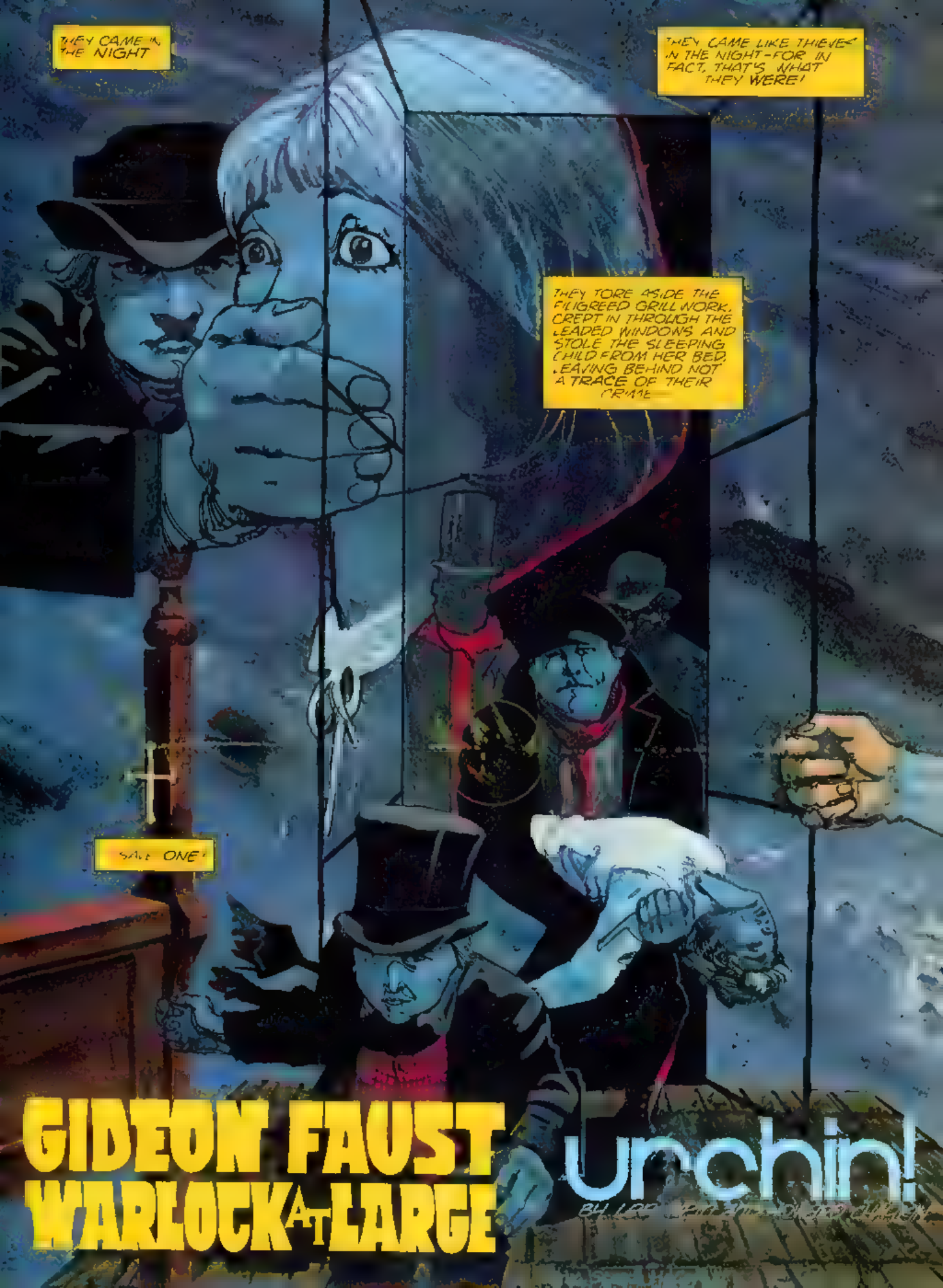
Former High Times *editor Jeff Goldberg is co-author with Dean Latimer of* Flowers in the Blood: The Story of Opium *(Franklin Watts). His articles and interviews have appeared in* Oui, Playboy, People, *the* Village Voice, *and other publications internationally. He is currently at work on a book about drugs in the future.*


GRRRAWWR!
YAH!
WHIIINN...
UUUURRROOUUGH
GROOUGH!
UUARK?
e evil queen having been unable to find e Ne
stones threw old Zeg out the window to his death
Meanwhile Moda found the lost Tarn But as they
headed back home they became lost in M vovum
Goo
ease!
DEN II
Jnx_Scanz_HaCsA !!!


AAAIIEEE!
CHOMP
GRRROUuRRRR
SSKROOURR

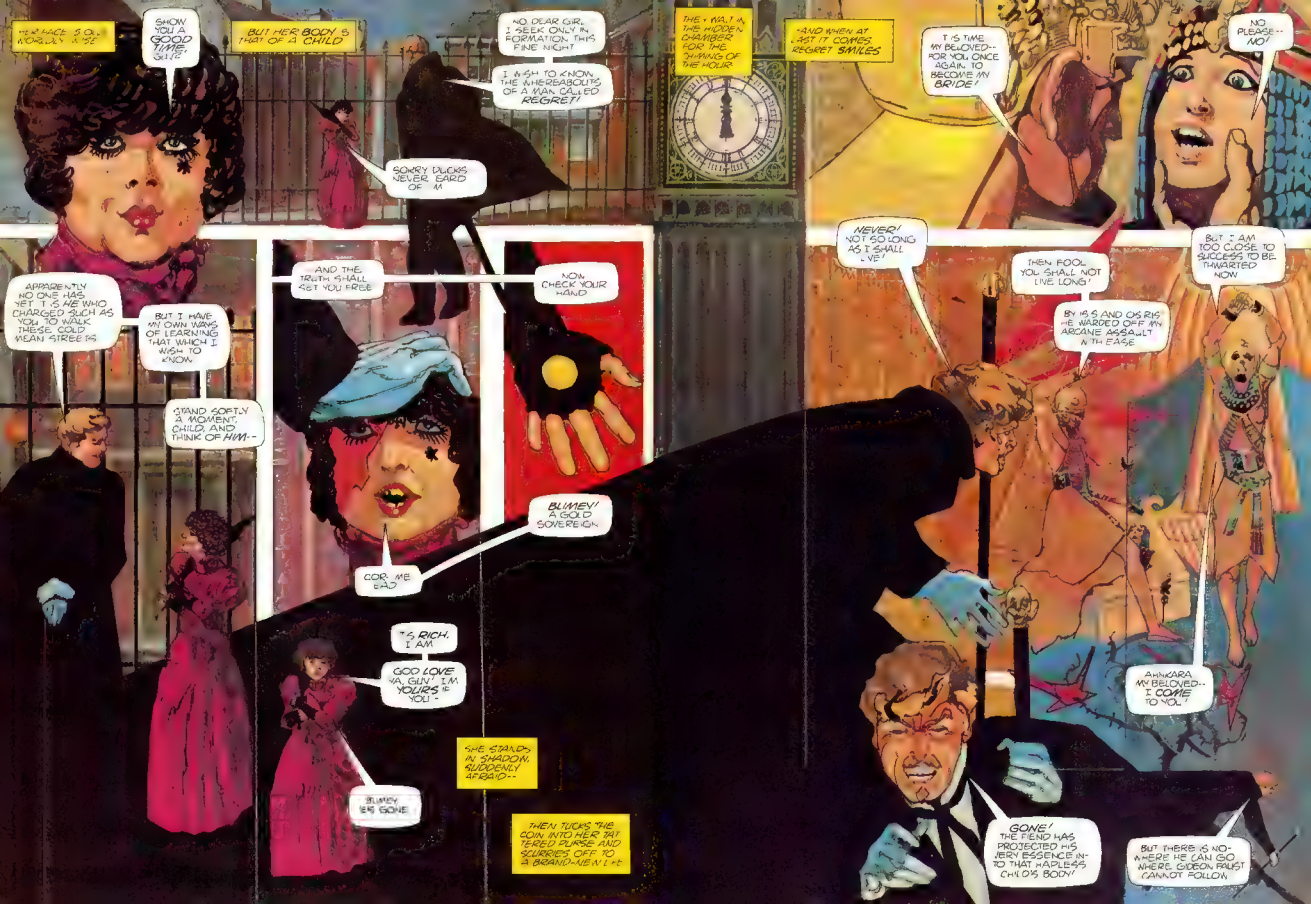
RROOWR!
SSSIGGRRROOUURRRRR
Finally coming around, are you?
We should have gone back to Zegium with the others. Even being killed by road bands would be better than what these devils have in store for us
Moda, where are we?
We've been dragged down into the pits of Mavovum. We're in HELL.

words. What
While you were asleep one of those monstrosities was doing something to you. It appeared to be licking your wounds
is there any water or food?
There's a pickle in the well... but that powdery stuff might be food
Mmm... hard sigh... Not bad though
Takes us no doubt
The... Get ready for the slaughter
To be continued

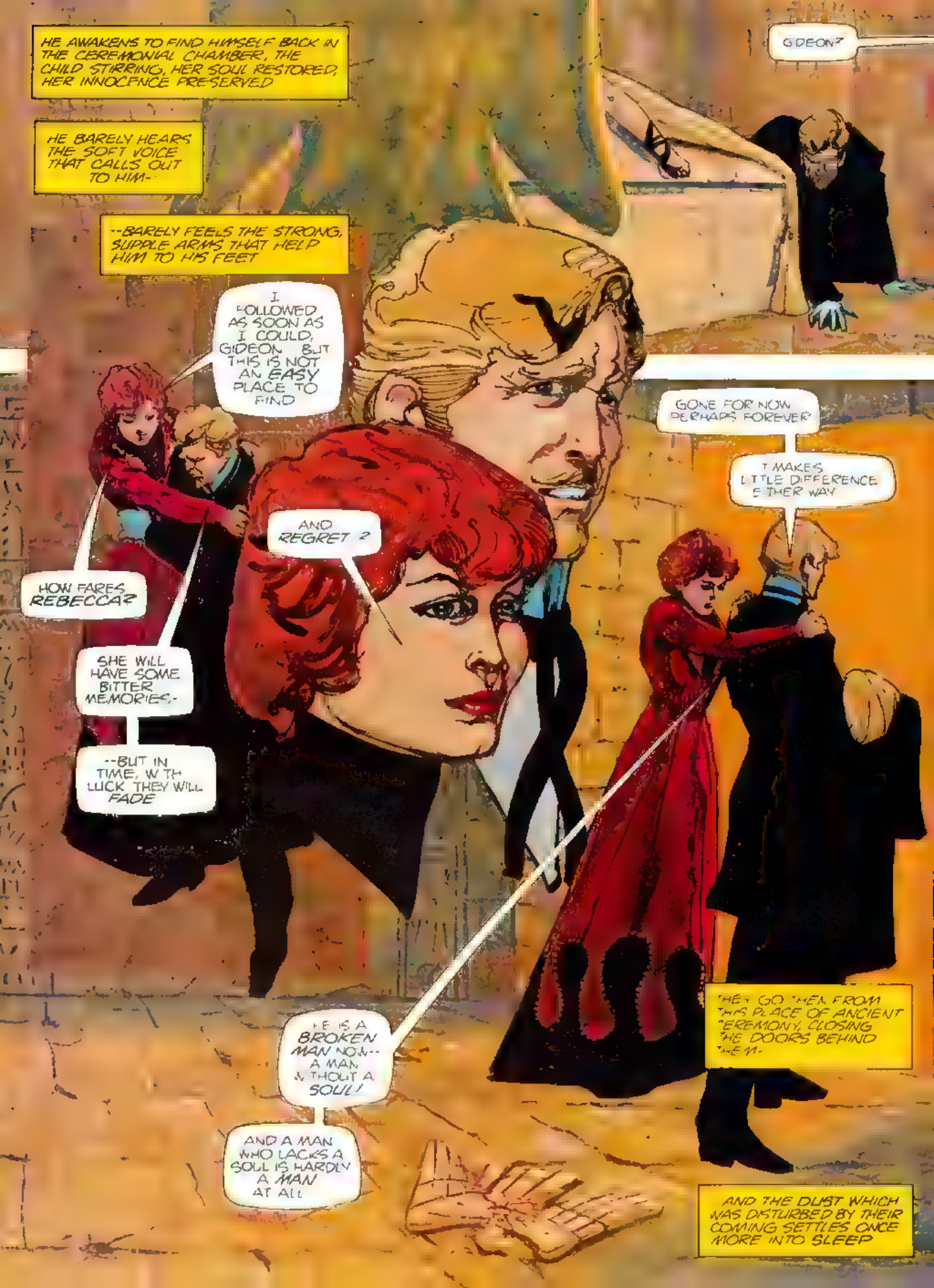

THEY CAME IN THE NIGHT
THEY CAME LIKE THIEVES IN THE NIGHT - FOR IN FACT, THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE!
THEY TORE ASIDE THE FILIGREED GRILL WORK, CREPT IN THROUGH THE LEADED WINDOWS AND STOLE THE SLEEPING CHILD FROM HER BED, LEAVING BEHIND NOT A TRACE OF THEIR CRIME
SAVE ONE!
GIDEON FAUST
WARLOCK AT LARGE
urchin!

THEY CARRIED HER DOWN THE COBBLED STREETS, THROUGH THE THICK AND HUNGRY SHADOWS--
..TO THE ALLEY WHERE A MAN CALLED REGRET WAITED IMPATIENTLY IN THE GASLIGHT
ERE, SHE IS GUV--WE BRUNG ER JUST LIKE YASKED
'E'VE DONE WELL, ME LOVELIES. THERE'LL BE A SHININ' HAPPENY IN T' FOR EACH OF YE
FAR FROM T
NOW COME CHILD, FOR THERE'S MUCH TO BE DONE--
OL REGRET DON'T MEAN YE ANY HARM, ME DARL'N
PLEASE, SIR, I'VE DONE YOU NO WRONG. WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?
SO YE FEAR ME NOW, DO YE CHILD?
WELL YE NEEDN'T
AND PRECIOUS LITTLE TIME IN WHICH TO DO IT.
..AND CAME TO THE DOOR SOON AFTERWARD. SHE WORE BROWN BROCADE AND CARRIED A SMALL NUMBER BLACK
B-- NOW, I FEAR WE HAVE MORE URGENT MATTERS TO ATTEND
HIS LORDSHIP'S EXPECTING YOU, MISS CROSS, AND YOUR GENTLEMAN FRIEND AS WELL
YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE HIS LORDSHIP IF HE SEEMS A BIT DISTRESSED
HE HASN'T BEEN HIMSELF SINCE THE--AH INCIDENT
I KNOW CARLYLE. THAT IS WHY WE ARE HERE
LOOK GIDEON, ANOTHER STREET URCHIN!
'TIS NOT SAFE FOR ANY CHILD TO BE ABOUT AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT
CERTAINLY NOT IN LIGHT OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED
SIR BRIAN WELLINGTON-SMYTHE? I AM CALLED GIDEON FAUST. I AM A FRIEND OF YOUR FRIEND MR. VICTOR A CROSS.
AND I AM HERE TO HELP YOU
PLEASE TELL ME ALL YOU CAN ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER'S ABDUCTION
LISTEN TO HIM BRIAN, IF ANYONE CAN SAVE REBECCA IT'S GIDEON
B-BUT THERE'S SO LITTLE TO TELL. I WENT TO REBECCA'S ROOM AND SHE WAS GONE
THERE WAS BEEN NO CONTACT FROM THE KIDNAPPERS. NO DEMAND FOR RANSOM
NOTHING

SIR BRIAN WITH YOUR KIND PERMISSION, I WOULD LIKE TO EXAMINE YOUR DAUGHTERS BEDCHAMBER
PERHAPS HER ABDUCTORS LEFT SOMETHING BEHIND
BUT I SCOURED THE ROOM--EVERY INCH OF IT--AND FOUND NOT A TRACE
BRIAN PLEASE GIDEON HAS CERTAIN--AHEM--ABILITIES THAT ARE BEYOND MORTALS SUCH AS YOU AND I LACK
VERY WELL, THEN IF YOU INSIST
THEY STAND MUTELY IN THE DOORWAY AS THE VICTORIAN WARLOCK RUES HIS ANCIENT CELTIC ART, BECOMING ONE WITH THE EARTH, BECOMING ONE WITH THE BEDCHAMBER ITSELF
FEELING THE HUSH OF THE PAINT UPON THE WALLS, THE CREAK OF THE WEARY FLOORBOARDS-
FEELING THE VERY PULSE OF THE ROOM, UNTIL HE FEELS THAT WHICH HE SEEKS
IT IS A BROKEN CRUCIFIX, REBECCA'S MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION. AND IN THAT FIRST INSTANT WHEN HE TOUCHES IT, FAUST KNOWS
REGRET
AND THE HUNT IS ON
TWO ARE ALONE IN THE SACRED CHAMBER CLAD IN THE RAIMENT OF THE ANCIENTS STIRRING DUST THAT HAS LAIN UNDISTURBED FOR CENTURIES
DON'T STRUGGLE, CHILD--AND IT WILL ALL SOON BE OVER
PLEASE, SIR... WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
AH, DEAR CHILD DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE ME?
I AM YOUR FATHER
AH, I SEE DOUBT IN YOUR EYES... BUT I ASSURE YOU I SPEAK TRUE
I HAVE BEEN YOUR FATHER MORE TIMES THAN I CAN COUNT--
SINCE THE DAWN OF THE GREAT DRAMA...
WE WERE OVERTHROWN IN THE THRONES OF AN IMMORTAL PASSION--AND I HARNESSED THE ARCANE SKILLS TO MAKE IT TRULY IMMORTAL
OH, WE HAVE DIED SINCE THEN, YOU AND I--ONLY TO BE REINCARNATED AGAIN AND AGAIN, THAT OUR ETERNAL LOVE WOULD ENDURE
IN THE END, BY I GATHERED YOU, THAT YOUR YOUNG BODY WOULD SERVE TO HOUSE THE SOUL AND SPIRIT OF MY BELOVED FROM THE MOMENT OF YOUR THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY
AT THAT INSTANT WE'RE MINUTES FROM NOW, YOU SHALL KNOW MY LOVE AND BE A CHILD NO LONGER
THE ENTITY KNOWN AS REBECCA NELSON, SAINT-HELLENE, DIES SO THAT THE PRINCESS AHNKARA CAN ONCE MORE KNOW LIFE!

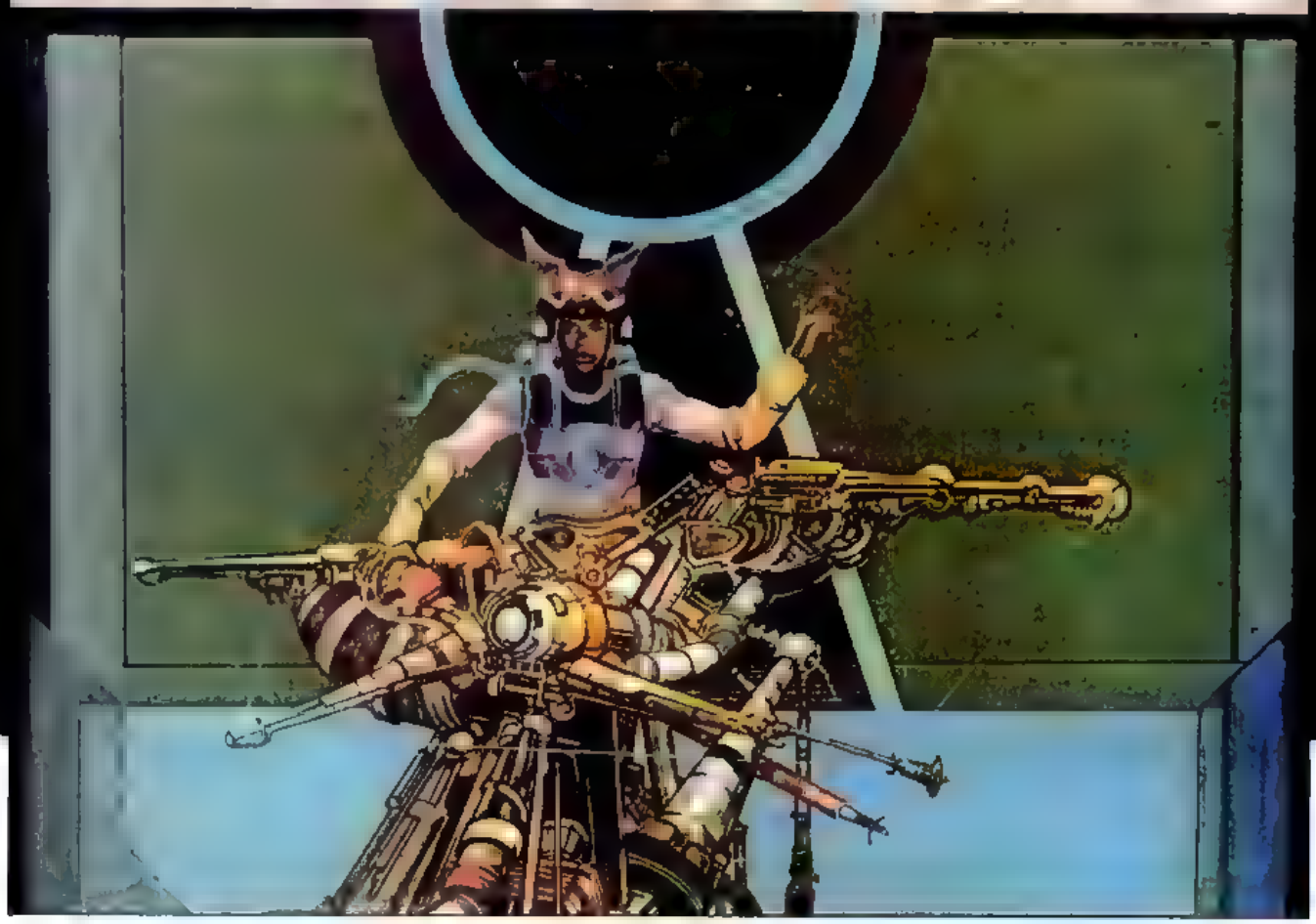

I'VE LIVED 3 OF WORLDLY K'SE
SHOW YOU A GOOD TIME, GET?
BUT HER BODY'S THAT OF A CHILD
NO, DEAR GIRL. I SEEK ONLY IN FORMATION THIS FINE NIGHT
I WISH TO KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS OF A MAN CALLED REGRET!
SORRY DUCKS NEVER EARD OF 'IM
THEY WAIT IN THE HIDDEN CHAMBER FOR THE CHIMING OF THE HOUR
AND WHEN AT LAST IT COMES: REGRET SMILES
IT'S TIME MY BELOVED-- FOR YOU ONCE AGAIN TO BECOME MY BRIDE!
NO PLEASE-- NO!
APPARENTLY NO ONE HAS YET TOLD ME WHO CHARGED SUCH AS YOU TO WALK THESE COLD MEAN STREETS
BUT I HAVE MY OWN WAYS OF LEARNING THAT WHICH I WISH TO KNOW.
STAND SOFTLY A MOMENT, CHILD, AND THINK OF HIM--
AND THE TRUTH SHALL SET YOU FREE
NOW, CHECK YOUR HAND
BLIMEY! A GOLD SOVEREIGN
COR, ME EAD
'S RICH, I AM!
GOD LOVE YA, GUV'. I'M YOURS TO YOU -
SHE STANDS IN SHADOW, SUDDENLY AFRAID--
BLIMEY, 'E'S GONE!
THEN TUCKS THE COIN INTO HER TATTERED PURSE AND SCURRIES OFF TO A BRIGHTER SCENE
NEVER! NOT SO LONG AS I SHALL LIVE!
THEN FOOL YOU SHALL NOT LIVE LONG!
BY 'IS AND OSIRIS 'E WARDED OFF AN ARCANE ASSAULT WITH EASE
BUT I AM TOO CLOSE TO SUCCESS TO BE THWARTED NOW
AHHCARA MY BELOVED-- I COME TO YOU!
GONE! THE FIEND HAS PROJECTED HIS VERY ESSENCE INTO THAT HAPLESS CHILD'S BODY!
BUT THERE IS NOWHERE HE CAN GO WHERE GIDEON FAUST CANNOT FOLLOW.

HERE ON THE ETHEREAL PLANE I SHALL PUT AN END TO REGRETS VILLANY -
OR PERISH MYSELF IN THE ATTEMPT!
WHY, CURSE YOU WHY DO YOU INTERFERE IN MATTERS THAT DO NOT CONCERN YOU?
ALL EVIL CONCERNS ME REGRET
THAT WHICH DIMINISHES MY FELLOW MAN, DIMINISHES ME--AND NO DEMONIC CREATURES OF YOUR INVENTION WILL DETER ME
BUT THEY MUST! THE MOMENT IS AT HAND FOR ME TO OPEN THIS SARCOPHAGUS--AND AT LAST BE REUNITED WITH MY BELOVED!
AND I WILL NOT BE DENIED THIS MOMENT BY ANYONE!
REGRET--NO! DO NOT OPEN THAT SARCOPHAGUS!
THE MOMENT OF RESURRECTION IS PAST. THE SPELL HAS BEEN BROKEN!
IF YOU OPEN THE SARCOPHAGUS NOW YOU WILL NOT FIND THE PRINCESS AHNKARA!
YOU WILL FIND ONLY
DUST
HE SCREAMS THE SCREAM OF ONE WHO HAS SUDDENLY LOST HIS SOUL--
AHNKARA!
BY ALL THE GODS WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU?
AND IN A SHIMMERING SCINTILLA OF LIGHT THE MAN CALLED REGRET IS GONE
THE RITUAL (CURE) IS ENDED


HE AWAKENS TO FIND HIMSELF BACK IN THE CEREMONIAL CHAMBER, THE CHILD STIRRING, HER SOUL RESTORED, HER INNOCENCE PRESERVED
HE BARELY HEARS THE SOFT VOICE THAT CALLS OUT TO HIM-
--BARELY FEELS THE STRONG, SUPPLE ARMS THAT HELP HIM TO HIS FEET
GIDEON?
I FOLLOWED AS SOON AS I COULD, GIDEON. BUT THIS IS NOT AN EASY PLACE TO FIND
GONE FOR NOW PERHAPS FOREVER
IT MAKES LITTLE DIFFERENCE EITHER WAY
AND REGRET?
HOW FARES REBECCA?
SHE WILL HAVE SOME BITTER MEMORIES.-
--BUT IN TIME, WITH LUCK THEY WILL FADE
THEY GO THEN, FROM THIS PLACE OF ANCIENT CEREMONY, CLOSING THE DOORS BEHIND THEM-
HE IS A BROKEN MAN NOW-- A MAN WITHOUT A SOUL!
AND A MAN WHO LACKS A SOUL IS HARDLY A MAN AT ALL
AND THE DUST WHICH WAS DISTURBED BY THEIR COMING SETTLES ONCE MORE INTO SLEEP

THE COFFEE-TABLE BOOK OF THE YEAR ...IN FRENCH

moebius



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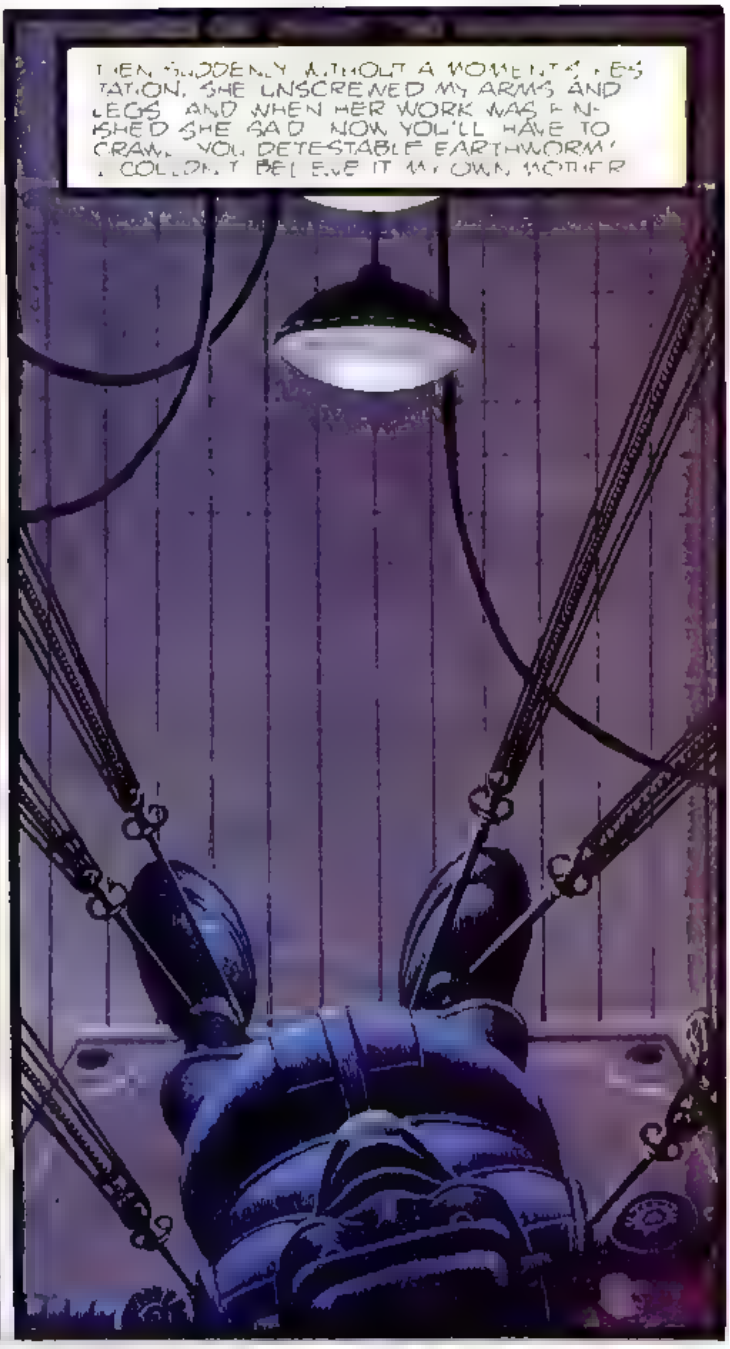
AN UNMARRIED MACHINE

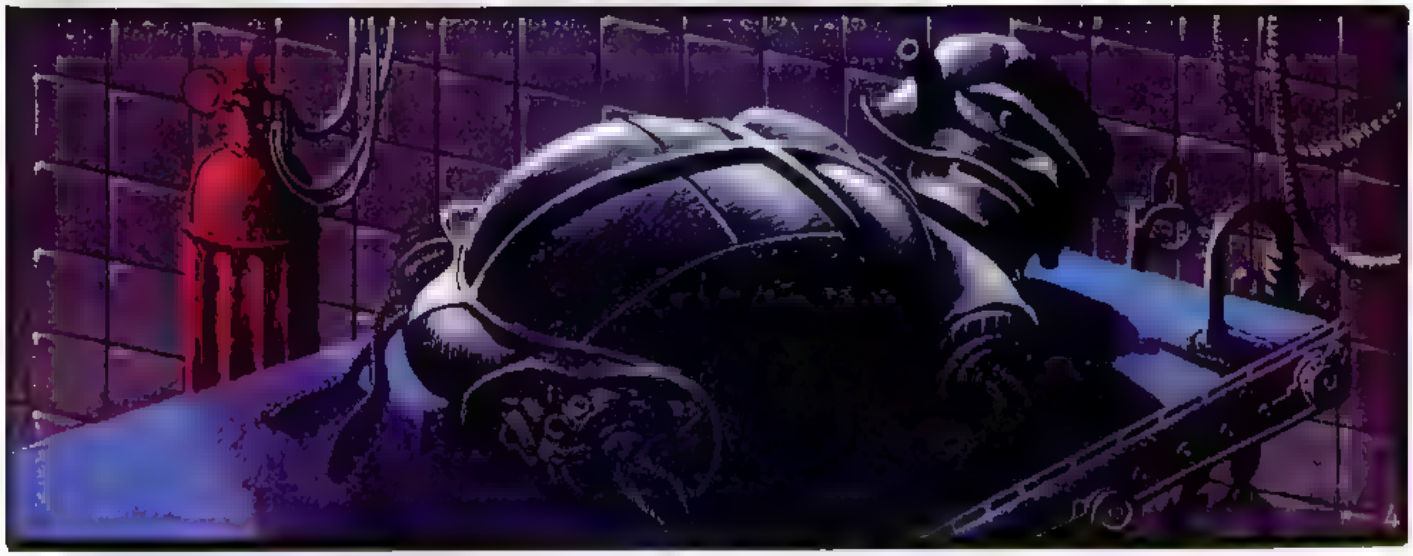
AH AHA! I AM SO MAD BUT REALLY I HAVE NOTHING TO REPROACH MYSELF ABOUT TODAY'S MY BIRTH DA . JO N MER. I WAS BORN. COULD IT BEZZZ NO I GUESS NOT ALL I KNOW S THAT MY POOR MOTHER HAD A VERY HARD TIME MAKING ME N FACT I TOOK YEARS BUT WHYZ THE SKY HAD ALREADY HANGED COLORS AFTER SHE HAD ME SHE BLOCKED UP ALL THE WINDOWS WITH CLOTHES AND THINGS AND THE DOORS TOO I REMEMBER HER GREAT BIG RED MOUTH IT WAS ALWAYS STRAIGHT ON AND THAT HORRIBLE STARE SHE BORE THE LAST DAY I SAW HER

AND THEN ONE DAY I NO LONGER SAW THE EYES OF MY YOUNG MOTHER THIS WAS THE BEGIN-NING

I TOLD YOU TO WAIT FOR MY ORDERS BEFORE ENTERING MY CHAMBERS! SHE STEAMED I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY EVERY DAY I BROUGHT HER A SNACK AT THAT TIME

THEN SHE BEGAN TO SHRIEK WITH LAUGHTER SHE WOULDN'T STOP OOOH! IT WAS HORRIFYING! SHE MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT MY BEING ANKYLOTIC, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANT


THEN SUDDENLY WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, SHE UNSCREWED MY ARMS AND LEGS AND WHEN HER WORK WAS FINISHED SHE SAID NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO CRAWL, YOU DETESTABLE EARTHWORM! I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT MY OWN MOTHER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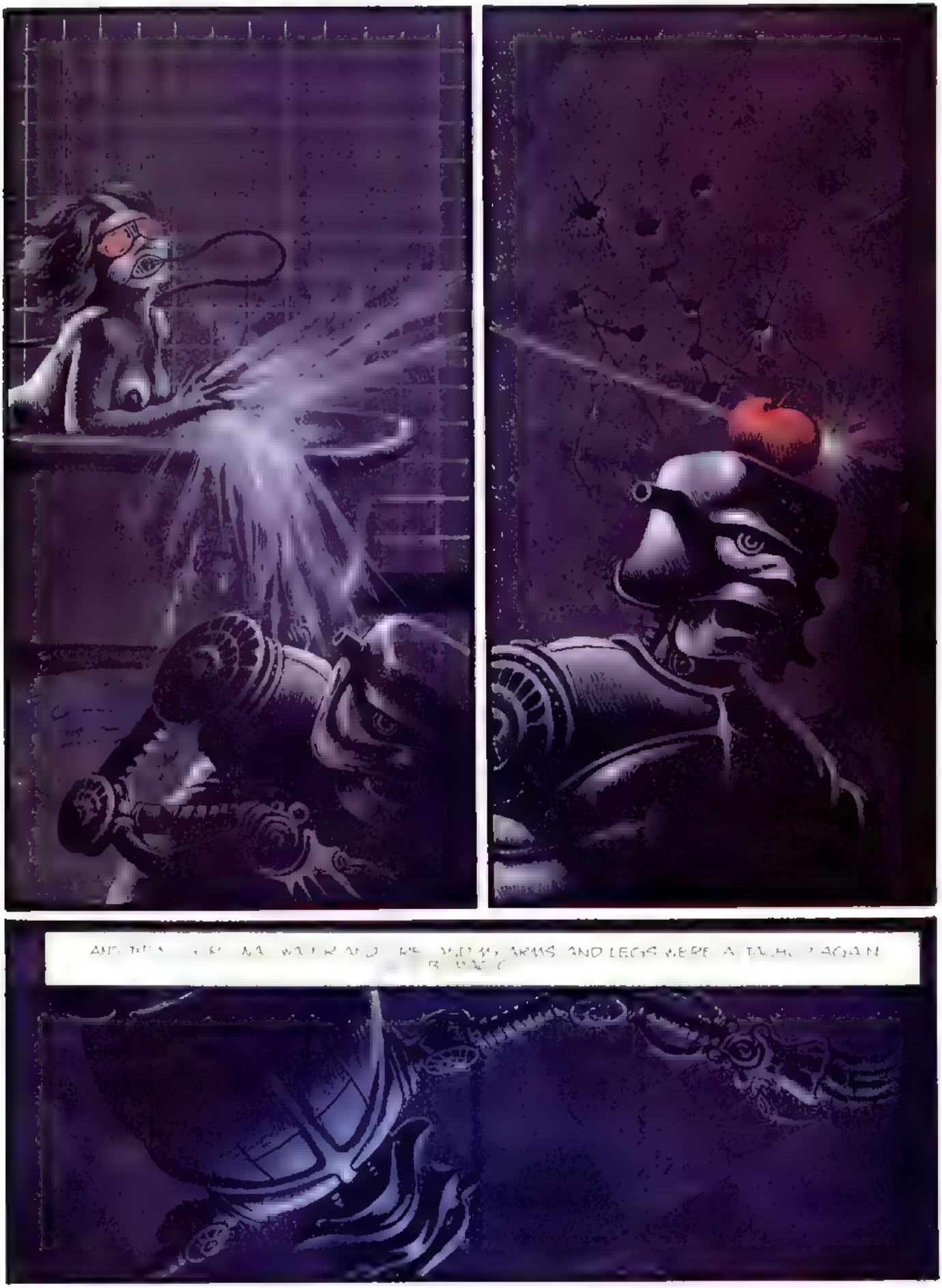
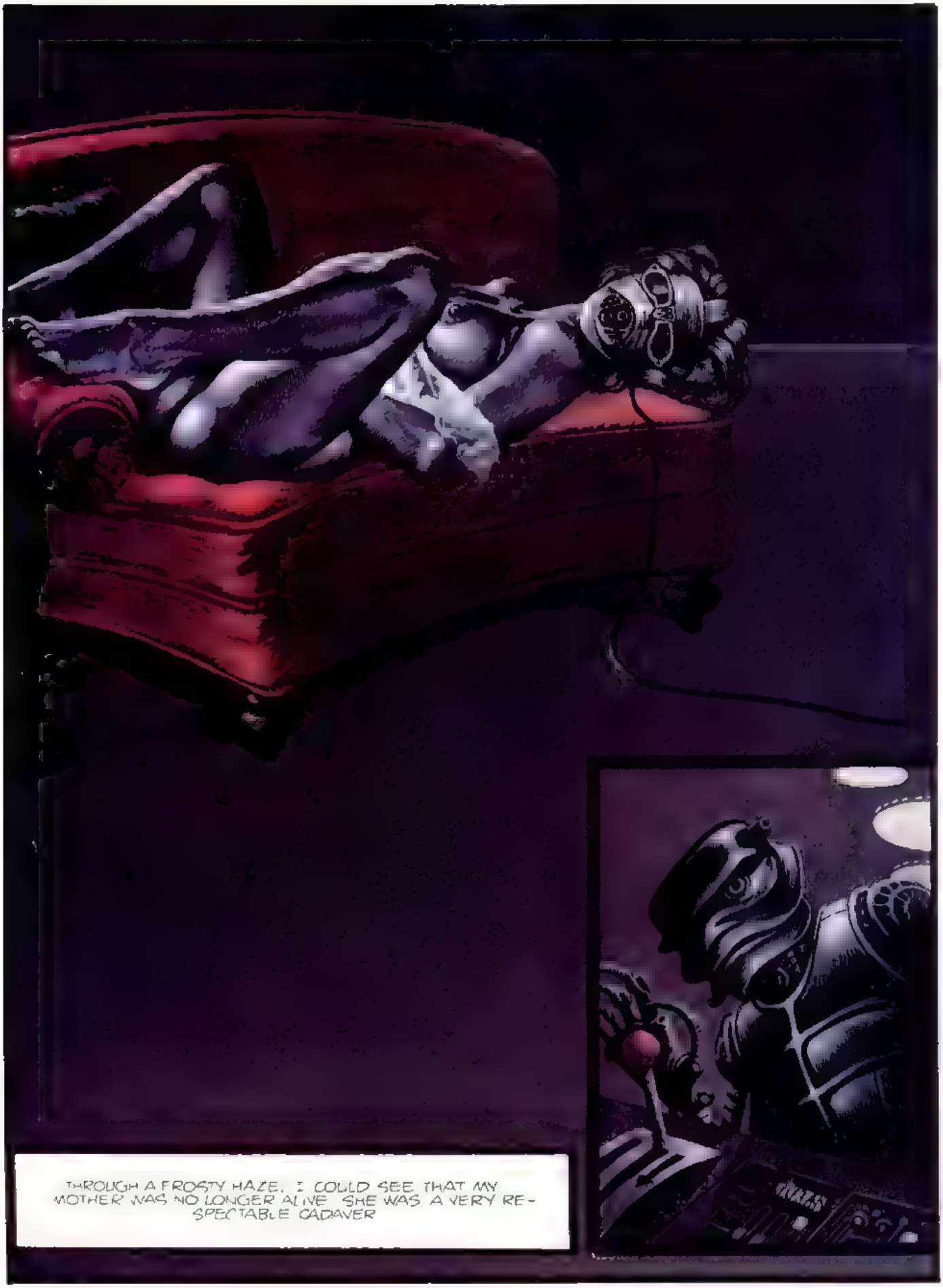
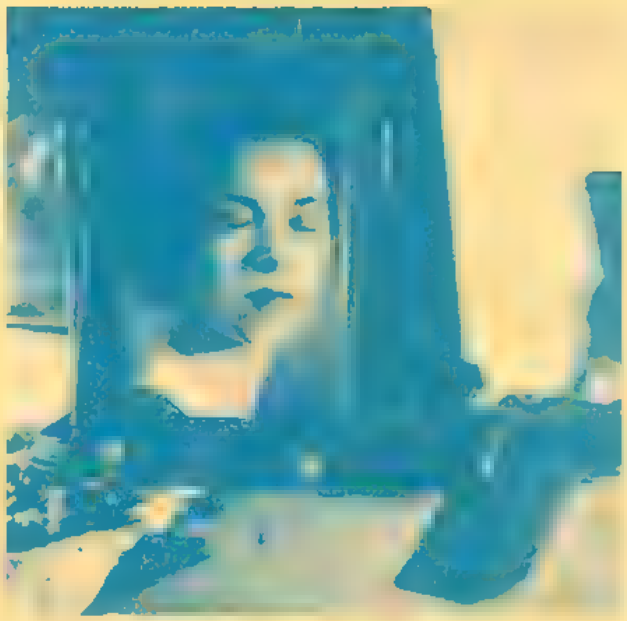

AND THEN HE WAS BLIND. HIS ARMS AND LEGS WERE A TWIG AGAIN

TODAY SHE WENT STRAIGHT
TO THE COUCH SHE WAS
RELATIVELY QUIET BUT I
COULD STILL HEAR THAT
HORRIBLE SNEERING SOUND
OVER AND OVER AND


THROUGH A FROSTY HAZE, I COULD SEE THAT MY MOTHER WAS NO LONGER ALIVE SHE WAS A VERY RE-SPECTABLE CADAVER

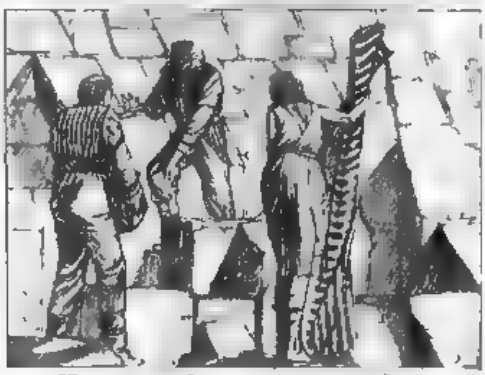
SOUL'S
ADVENTS

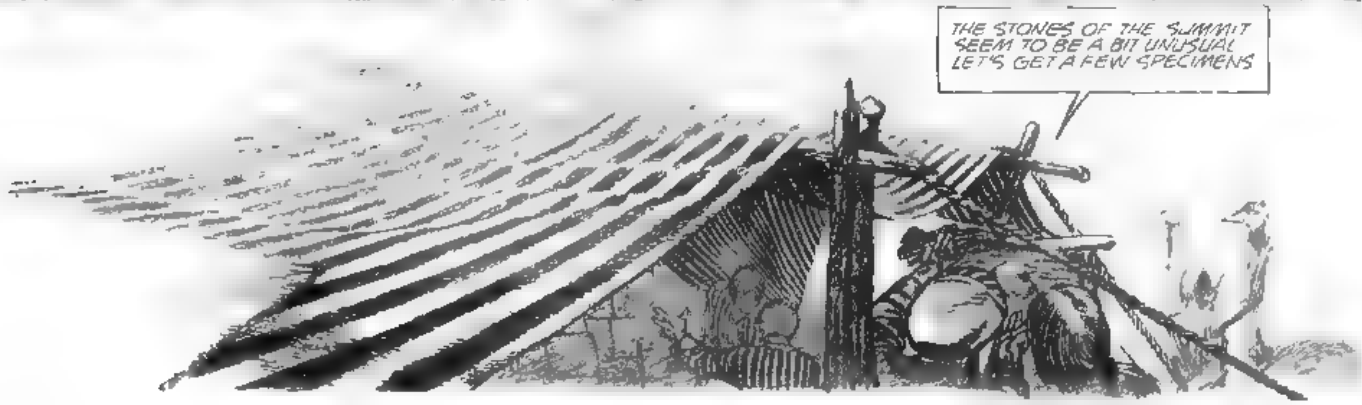


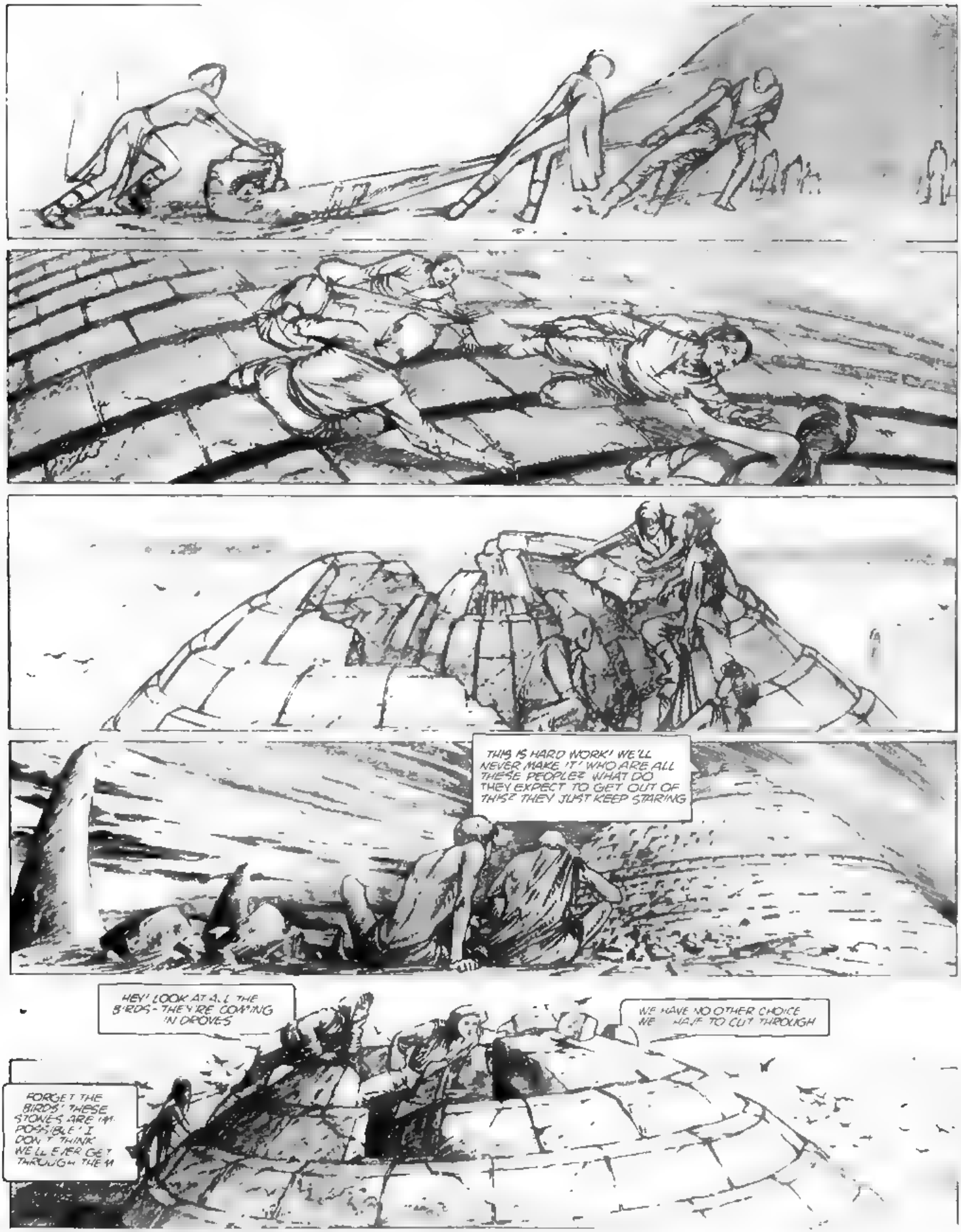
' Adolfo, don't you
realize you dreamt
about the world, s
now the world can
dream about you'

AT THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA

LAST WE SAW THE EXPLORERS HAD REACHED THE PYRAMID AT THE MEDIAN





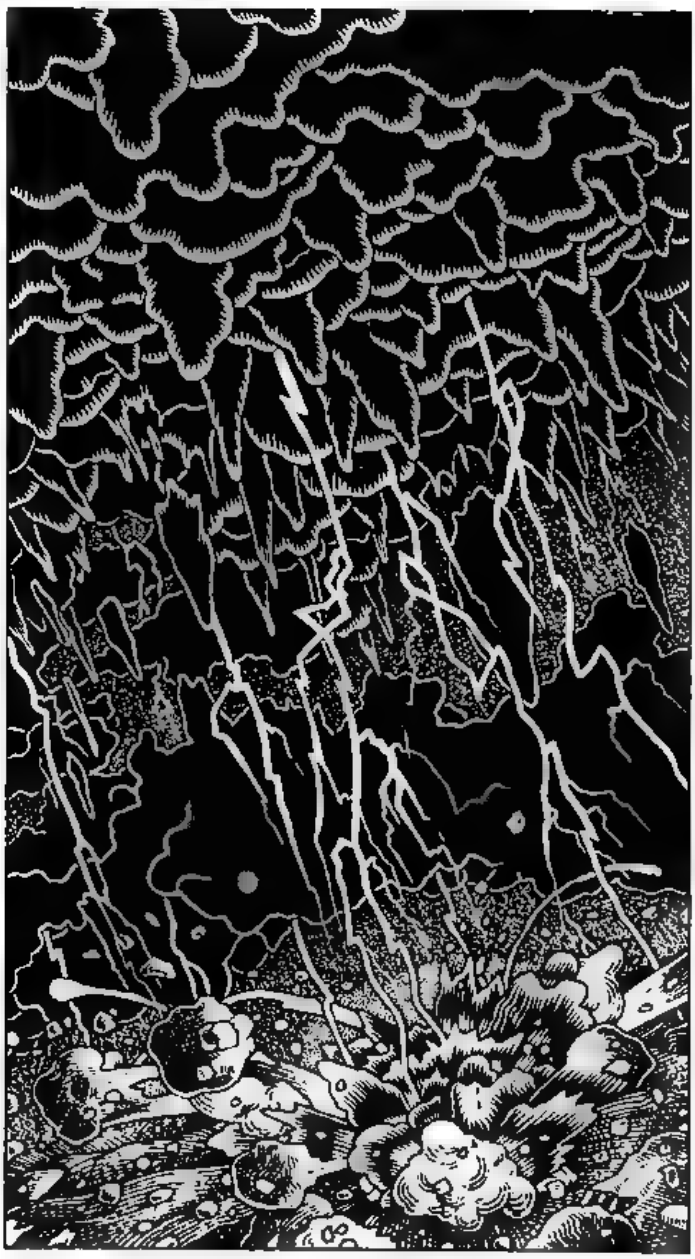

THIS IS HARD WORK! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE? WHAT DO THEY EXPECT TO GET OUT OF THIS? THEY JUST KEEP STARING
HEY! LOOK AT ALL THE BIRDS - THEY'RE COMING IN DROVES
WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE WE HAVE TO CUT THROUGH
FORGET THE BIRDS! THESE STONES ARE IMPOSSIBLE! I DON'T THINK WE'LL EVER GET THROUGH THEM

I HATE TO BE A PAIN, BUT THE CLOUDS ARE COMING VERY CLOSE THIS EXPLORATION IS BECOMING A REAL CHARADE! FIRST WE CAN'T FIND THE DAMN THING AND THEN, WHEN WE FINALLY DO, WE'RE INUNDATED WITH BIRDS AND GLOOMY CLOUDS
WE SHALL GET TO THE CENTER, I PROMISE YOU BUT FOR NOW, LET'S SEEK SHELTER IT'S ABOUT TO RAIN
OF COURSE YOU'RE RIGHT. WE WILL REACH OUR DESTINATION BUT YOU KNOW, YOU GET TO THE POINT WHERE ENOUGH IS ENOUGH
I KNOW, I KNOW BUT IN THE END, ALL OF THIS MISERY WILL BE WORTH IT
TRUE - THE REWARD WILL BE RICH AND PLENTIFUL FOR OUR PEOPLE
WE KNEW THIS WOULDN'T BE EASY WHEN WE BEGAN. THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THIS PYRAMID IS NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY THE OLD PEOPLE FOREWARNED US WHEN THEY BID US FAREWELL AT THEIR TRIBAL SITE. BUT I AM NOW DEFINITELY SURE. WITH THE COMPLETION OF THIS TOWER, WE SHALL REACH OUR GOAL
WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW IS THAT THIS VERY TOWER, IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM WAS A GREAT SOURCE OF EXTRAORDINARY POWERS. FLYING IS ONLY ONE ELEMENT OF ENRICHMENT WE HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO

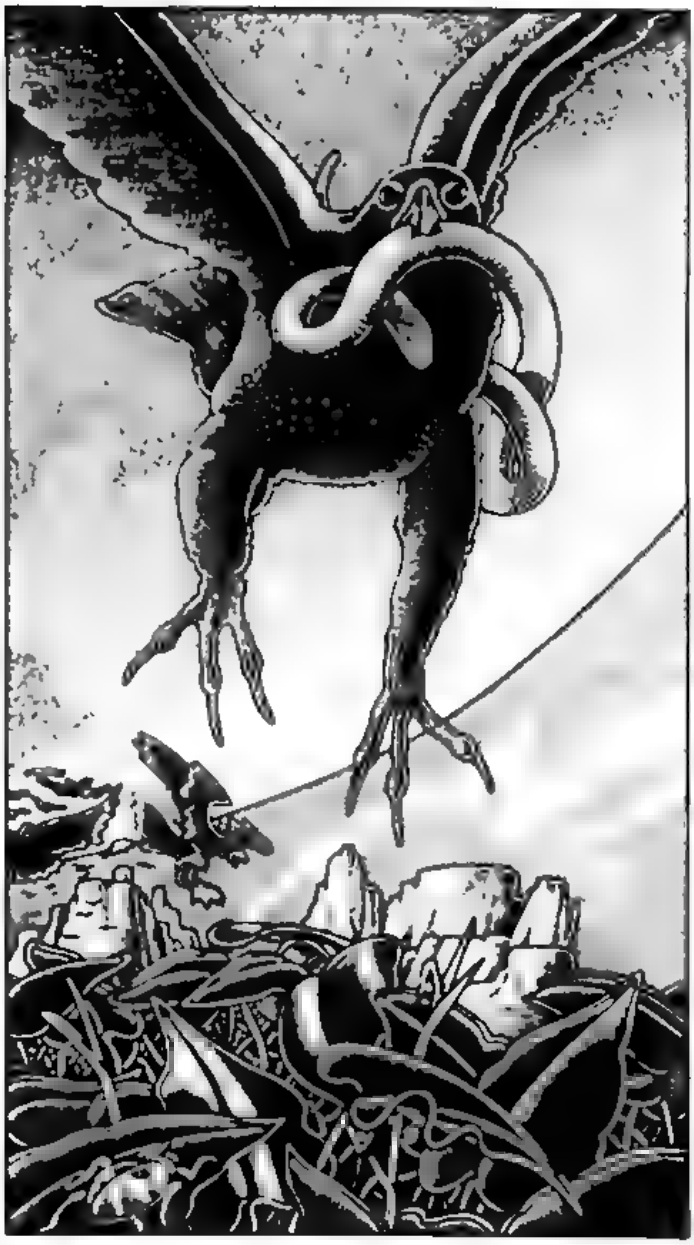
THE SCRIPTURES SPEAK OF MEN WITH MULTIPLE GIFTS. CERTAIN ONES EVEN GO BACK AS FAR AS THE AGE OF THE PHANTASMS - IF YOU CAN IMAGINE THAT! WE NEED THIS SOURCE. AS YOU KNOW, WE HAVE ALMOST TOTALLY USED UP OUR NATURAL POWERS
HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS OLD MAN
A MOON, OR SO AGO, I MET A MAN IN THE CITY WHO TOOK ME INTO HIS CONFIDENCE. HE, TOO, HAD TRIED TO UNVEIL THE CYMBIOLA'S GREAT POWER, BUT TO NO AVAIL
WHO IS HE? WHERE IS HE NOW?
YOU WOULDN'T KNOW HIM. NO ONE DOES. BUT BELIEVE WHAT I SAY FOR I BELIEVE HIM
HE HAS ASSURED ME THAT HERE, IN THE POWER OF THIS SITE, WE SHALL FIND THE FOUNDATIONS OF OUR PHILOSOPHY. THE BOX WHICH THIS WISE MAN BESTOWED UPON ME HOLDS THE KEY TO THE KEY-STONE OF THE PYRAMID
SO, THEN, THE CLOSENESS OF THE BIRDS AND THE CLOUDS AND THIS UNNATURAL HEAT. WOULDN'T THIS MEAN THAT WE ARE COMING CLOSER TO OUR GOAL? DON'T YOU THINK THE MAGNETISM THAT EMANATES FROM THIS ENERGY SOURCE IS BEGINNING TO RESTORE ITSELF???
WHY YES, OF COURSE! YOU MUST BE RIGHT

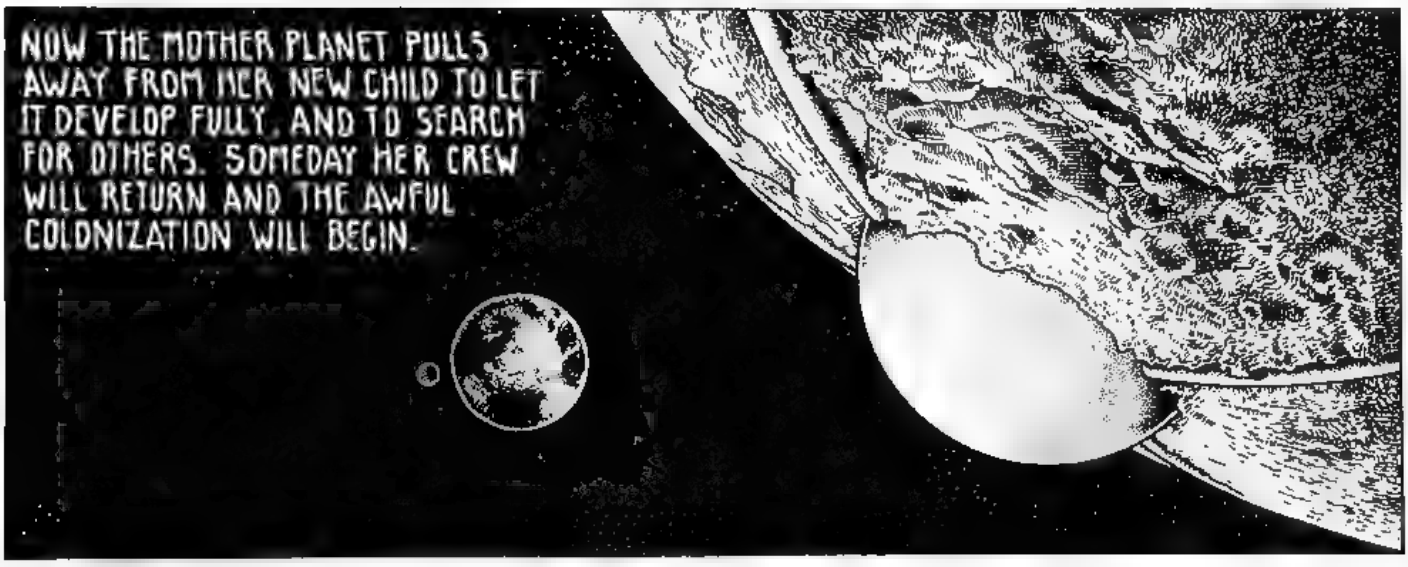
TO BE CONTINUED

IN THE BEGINNING
ART-FISHER/SCRIPT-
CENTURIES OF WAR AND WASTE HAVE DEALT A MORTAL BLOW TO THE MOTHER PLANET'S LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEMS. NOW SHE DESPERATELY SEARCHES THE UNIVERSE. HER MISSION: TO FIND AND CULTIVATE BARREN PLANETS THAT WILL SOMEDAY BE NEW HOMES FOR HER DYING POPULACE.



AS SHE DRAWS NEARER A NEW HOST PLANET, HER POWERFUL GRAVITATIONAL FORCES TILL IT'S LIFELESS SOIL. VAST MOUNTAIN RANGES ERUPT FROM ITS SURFACE. WATERS BEGIN TO FLOW, CREATING OCEANS AND RIVERS. SOON, THE HOST PLANET IS TEEMING WITH LIFE. LUSH VEGETATION APPEARS. INSECTS AND ANIMALS ROAM FREELY OVER THE FERTILE SURFACE OF THE NEWLY CREATED HOST PLANET. IT IS THE BEGINNING.




NOW THE MOTHER PLANET PULLS AWAY FROM HER NEW CHILD TO LET IT DEVELOP FULLY, AND TO SEARCH FOR OTHERS. SOMEDAY HER CREW WILL RETURN AND THE AWFUL COLONIZATION WILL BEGIN.

Zeitgeist #2

Alonso Smith

Within the Fantasy Bureau of the Subconscious

Surrealism just happens to be a convenient and useful vehicle for expressing the thoughts I have to express," says Alonso Smith, the sixty-four-year old California artist whose work will be exhibited at the Will Stone Collection in San Francisco, February 2 through 27.

The exhibit, a selection of paintings and drawings from the years 1942 through 1969, satirizes contemporary life after World War II. Smith describes it as "modern America whirling toward highly technological specialization and ever increasing corporate sterilization." Corporate sterilization is something Smith should know quite a bit about; he is returning actively to the art world after spending nearly thirty years with GTE, where he designed electronic equipment.

Smith began painting as a teenager after extensive study and travel through Europe, and later studied psychology at Stanford University. "The work of the old masters that I saw in Europe as a child was considerably influential. I was always interested in the philosophies behind the work that I observed. I was very impressed with the complexity of the old masters.

Oddly enough, Smith does not credit other artists with inspiring him toward his surrealism, painted in lush psychedelic hues. "Artists never played a major role in my work. I was very interested in music at the time. In the formative years of my art, Enrico Caruso, of all people, was a great influence. His voice figured prominently in my background. The brilliancy of his high notes, the range of his humanistic expression devastated me as a child. This entered into my paintings in the form of, perhaps, a bolt of lightning in the sky, or a brilliantly colored star in the background."

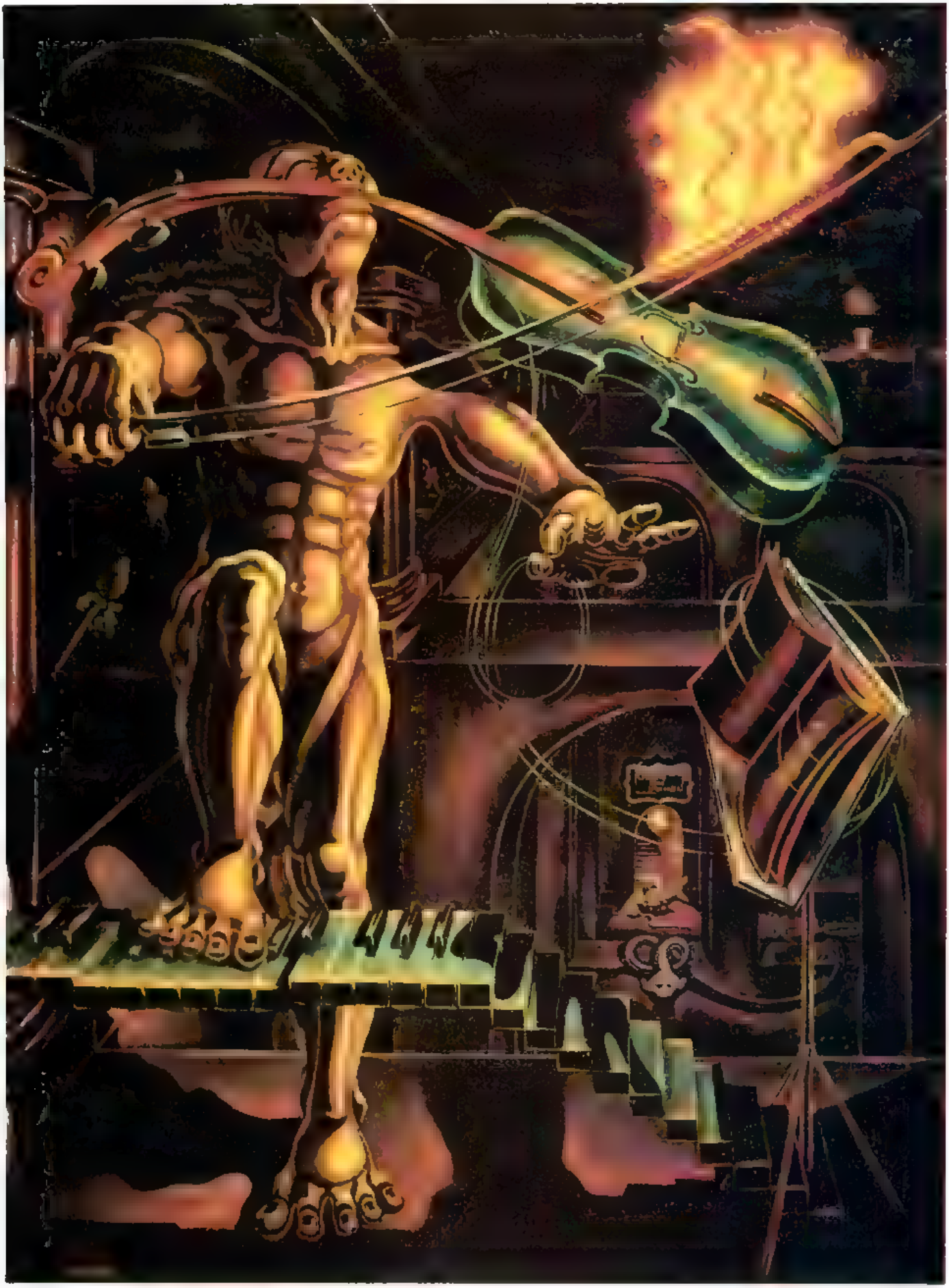
Even in his earliest years, Smith could see his paintings leaning toward surrealism, although he seems uncomfortable with that term. "Surrealism has become very polarized in the Freudian analytical sense—in the fantasy [bureau] of the human subconsciousness. For me, the classification of surrealism, although it does apply in the format, does not fit my conceptualization. That fits more into other forms of art—expressionism, social realism. Fantasy has merged with the realities of my surroundings."

Smith says he paints "to be able to better digest the confrontations we all have with our surroundings. All forms of human endeavor are depicted in my work—science, medicine, politics—have a painting for each one. But all of my works are satirical. I regard the world as serious and tragic. But it's important to have a sense of humor."

Steven Maloff

Higher Education

Perfidia Pursued by Fortune



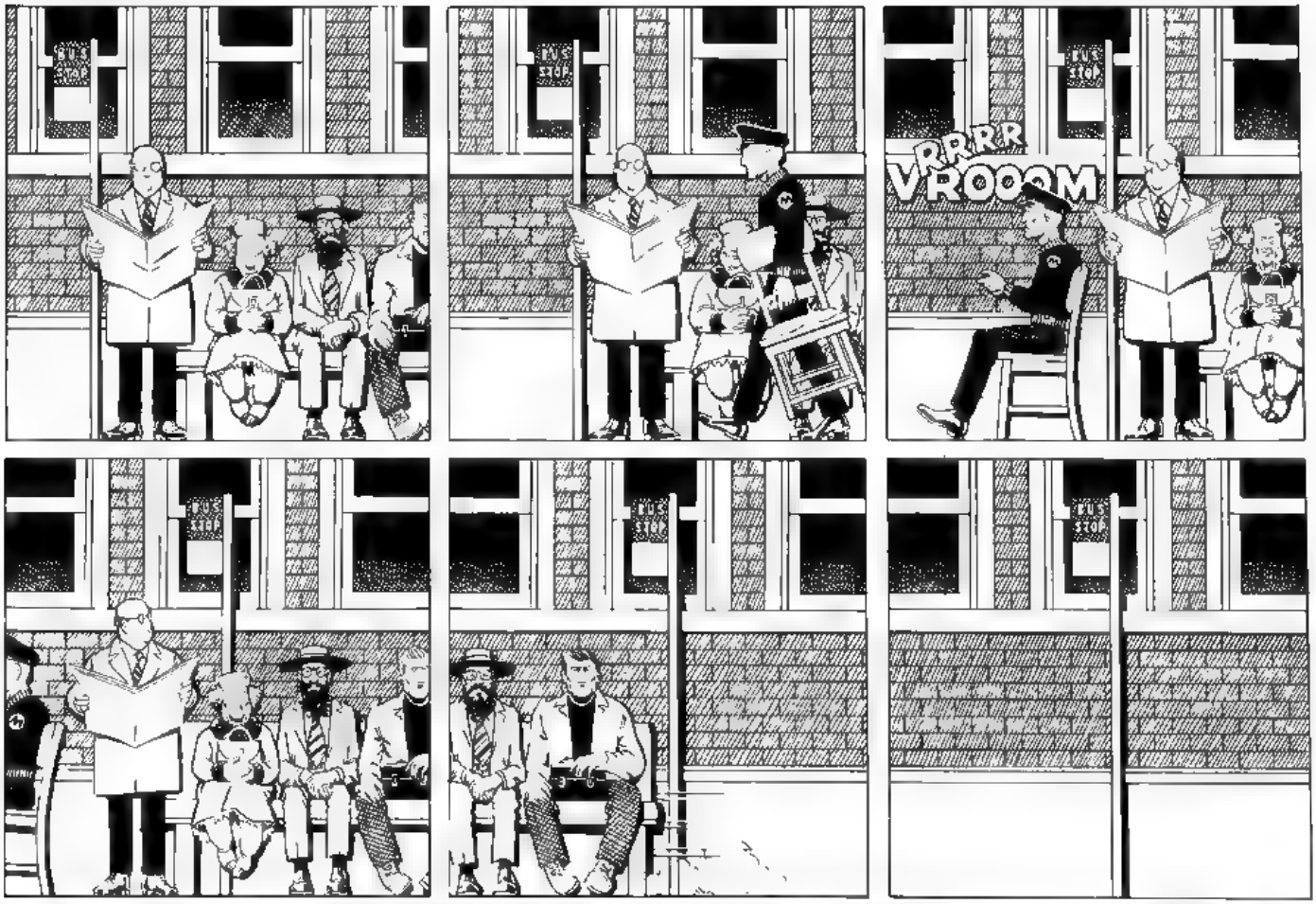
Orpheus and Eurydice

Swan Song

Final Abstraction

the bus

© PAUL KIRCHNER



I ♥ FAST WOMEN

1. I ♥ TO GET DOWN
2. I ♥ BEING #1
3. I ♥ BEER
4. I ♥ SEX
5. I ♥ COCAINE
6. I ♥ TO BULLSHIT
7. I ♥ TITIES
8. I ♥ LITTLE GIRLS
9. I ♥ LITTLE BOYS
10. I ♥ HEAD
11. I ♥ FAST WOMEN
12. I ♥ DRUGS
13. I ♥ TO PARTY
14. I ♥ MYSELF
15. I ♥ FAST CARS
16. I ♥ TO DICK
17. I ♥ LONG LEGS
18. I ♥ THE BIG ONE
19. I ♥ BROOKE
20. I DON'T ♥ ANYTHING
21. I ♥ NEW WAVE
22. I ♥ YOU
23. I ♥ IT
24. I ♥ MONEY
25. I ♥ LUCY
26. I ♥ ROCK
27. I ♥ T WET
28. I ♥ TIGHT ASSES
29. I ♥ FRIDAYS
30. I ♥ BRUNETTES
31. I ♥ BLONDES
32. I ♥ REDHEADS
33. I ♥ YOUR BODY
34. I ♥ SNOW
35. I ♥ SKIING
36. I ♥ TO FART
37. I ♥ MOTORCYCLES
38. I ♥ COUNTRY

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47. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE BE ON IT
80. AS LONG AS I HAVE A FACE, YOU HAVE A PLACE TO SIT
21. I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO"
1. I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR, FILM AT 11
2. FREE MOUSTACHE RIDES (WITH ARTWORK)
3. BEND OVER, I'LL DRIVE
17. IN OUTERSPACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU FART
4. CHAMPION MOUSTACHE RIDER (WITH ARTWORK)
5. I RIDE THE MOUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)
6. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM. I DRINK. I GET DRUNK. I FALL DOWN. NO PROBLEM.
7. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
30. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
8. HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
9. HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
10. SAVE OUR BEACHES HARPOON A FAT CHICK!
11. HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
12. FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
13. HOT FAT CHICKS
14. NO FAT DUDES
15. WE DRIVE AT FIVE
16. WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW?
18. THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND
19. NO TEENIE WEENIES
20. MINES BIGGER
22. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM
23. BOY, SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!
61. I'M SO HORNY, EVEN THE CRACK OF DAWN ISN'T SAFE
62. I MAY NOT GO DOWN IN HISTORY BUT I'LL GO DOWN ON YOUR LITTLE SISTER
63. HOW CAN YOU SOAR WITH EAGLES [redacted]
64. YOUR CRITICISM IS GREATLY APPRECIATED, FUCK YOU VERY MUCH
65. I'M A FUCKING GENIUS
66. FUCK OFF
67. LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES, BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE PRICKS
68. THE WORD OF THE DAY IS LEGS. HELP SPREAD THE WORD
69. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO GO FUCK YOURSELF
70. I'M THE KIND OF GUY YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU [redacted]
24. PARTY SIZE(*
25. 1980'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
26. DO. BUT NOT WITH YOU.
27. LOVE 'TILL SCREAM
28. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
29. I'M FOR LUST
31. I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
32. ONE OF A KIND
33. DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
34. GO POUND SAND!
35. SCHOOL SUCKS!
36. ASK ME IF I CARE
37. SNOW BUMO
38. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY
39. TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!
40. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS.
41. KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOURS.

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"ALL RIGHT. . SO WHAT DO YOU HAVE ON THIS GUY .. "
" FOSTER. WILLIAM FOSTER."
" FOSTER... RIGHT. "
" IT'S PRETTY STRANGE, ACTUALLY. YOU SEE, WE DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM.
" HE'S JUST... DYING. THAT'S ALL I KNOW. "
' DYING ?
"FROM WHAT ? HE'S ONLY (WHAT?) 30?"
" $2, YESTERDAY. I DON'T KNOW, BOB. IT'S REALLY WEIRD.
" HE'S... JUST DYING. "

THE APPOINTMENT

BY MARC HEMPEL

© 1981

COME ON, JAN — YOU MUST HAVE SOME DATA! IS THIS A DISEASE HE'S GOT OR WHAT?
APPARENTLY SO...
... ALTHOUGH, STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT'S A DISEASE THAT WAS WIDE-SPREAD ONLY UP UNTIL THE LATTER 20th CENTURY. A CURE WAS DISCOVERED AT ABOUT THAT TIME.
SO HE CAN BE HELPED?
MAYBE — MAYBE NOT.
WE CAN'T LOCATE THE CURE IN OUR DATA BANKS. WE'RE AFRAID IT WAS LOST WITH OTHER DATA DURING THE WAR.
DAMN!
FORTUNATELY, IT'S VERY RARE AND NOT CONTAGIOUS.
3) JAROLYN SCHAFFNER

DOCTOR SCHAFNER?
MR. FOSTER! COME IN, PLEASE.
HAVE A SEAT
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME, DOCTOR?
YOU HAVE A RARE, ANCIENT DISEASE, MR. FOSTER... ONE WHICH WE MAY NOT HAVE A CURE FOR.
GO ON.
WELL, IT REALLY SADDENS ME TO TELL YOU THIS, MR. FOSTER.
..BUT, TO BE FAIR, I'M GOING TO LEVEL WITH YOU. THE TRUTH IS ..
...YOU'VE GOT ONLY 60 OR 70 YEARS LEFT TO LIVE!
IT SEEMS YOU'RE DYING OF A CURIOUS THING CALLED...
...OLD AGE!
END

ZORA
B-5! TO HONEY COMB SECURITY
WE'VE PIN POINTED THE LOCATION OF THE ACTIVE GENERATOR AND WE'RE GOING DOWN FOR A BUZZ WE'LL REPORT AGAIN AT 0570 HOURS
THE SPARK PROBABLY DOESN'T MEAN ANY THING ZORA CDR RODING RELAYS IN THE CITY'S EMERGENCY POWER UNITS OFTEN CAUSE THEM TO CONK OUT THAT'S GOT TO BE WHAT'S CAUSING THE PROBLEM THERE'S NO OTHER EXPLANATION-- THERE'S NO ONE AROUND TO TURN THEM ON
A TIMER MIGHT HAVE DONE IT, AND IF THAT'S THE CASE THEN THIS WHOLE THING WAS PLANNED

LEDI. GO THROUGH THE MICRO-FILE AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE BLUE PRINTS FOR THIS PLACE
AS YOU WISH ZORA
THIS IS EXCITING! WE HAVEN'T HAD A NEED FOR PERSONAL CONTACT IN OVER TWENTY YEARS UP UNTIL NOW. THE BIO SENSORS HAVE DONE ALL THE CHECKING FOR US
DON'T LET YOUR ENTHUSIASM OVERCOME YOUR SENSE OF CAUTION. THE RUINS MAY SEEM QUIET ENOUGH BUT WE COULD EASILY ACTIVATE A DORMANT TRAPDOOR STAY ALERT
I'VE HAD THE LAYOUT FED INTO YOUR HELM, FEWER SWITCH ON CODE 82
FINE
I SUPPOSE THESE STATUES ARE A CARRY OVER FROM AN ANCIENT TRADITION OF SCARING AWAY EVIL SPIRITS
WELL THEY'RE SCARING THE EVIL OUTTA ME RIGHT NOW
IF NOTHING ELSE THESE ALIENS WERE INCREDIBLE ARCHITECTS EVEN THE ROYAL HIVE TEMPLES OF HONEYCOMB AREN'T AS IMPRESSIVE AS THIS!
WE'RE NOT HERE ON A SIGHTSEEING TOUR. MUST I REMIND YOU THAT THE ALIENS ARE OUR DESPISED ENEMIES? QUIT YOUR GAWKING AND FOLLOW ME TO THE GENERATOR CHAMBER BELOW!

ACCORDING TO THE BLUEPRINTS, THIS DOORWAY LEADS TO THE CHAMBER. WELL, THIS IS STRANGE. YOU MIGHT THINK THIS BUBBLE WAS HERE TO OPEN THE DOOR, BUT NOTHING HAPPENS WHEN I TOUCH IT.
MAYBE NO ONE'S HOME! TEE HEE!
FIRE A FEW ROUNDS INTO THEM.
ZORA! WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?
THEY DON'T LOOK AT THE WINDOWS! THE BEASTS ARE HOLOGRAMS! THE WINDOWS ACT AS LENSES AND THE TILES MUST BE REFLECTORS.
LASER RAYS PASS RIGHT THROUGH THEM AS IF, WELL, AS IF THEY HADN'T ANY SUBSTANCE.
ZZZT!
THEY'RE ONLY BOOGEY-MEN. I'M NOT GOING TO LET A BUNCH OF LIGHT TRICKS FRAZZLE MY NERVES!
LOOK, I'M ONLY GUESSING! STAY AWAY FROM THEM. THE ALIENS ARE TOO DEVIOUS TO TAKE LIGHTLY! KERE! COME BACK!
I'M NOT AFRAID! UGGH! THEY'RE REAL. HORRIBLE CLINGING POWERSITES!
THEY'RE LEECHES! HELP! THEY'RE DRAINING MY BLOOD!
OOOH, I FEEL SOOOOO WEAK. I HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH TO.

IF THEY'RE POWER SITES, WHY AREN'T THEY ABSORBING THE RAYS?
TOO MUCH HIGH CONCENTRATED ENERGY. THEY CAN'T VENT ON THIS LOW ELECTRIC CURRENT GENERATED BY OUR CELLS. COME ON, THIS WAY!
ZZUMI
ZZITZI
I DON'T LIKE THIS, ZORA! EVEN WITH MY OXYGEN TUBE GOING STRONG, I'M FINDING IT DIFFICULT TO BREATHE IN HERE!
TRAP OR NOT, I'M SUFFOCATING! THE WALLS ARE CLOSING IN ON ME. I'VE GOT TO TAKE MY HELMET OFF
AIR! I CAN SMELL THE FRAGRANCE OF COOL SWEET AIR IN THIS CORRIDOR!
WHAT ARE THOSE CELL-LIKE OBJECTS ON THE WALLS? THEY SEEM TO BE COMING APART
FLOP
MMMPH
DON'T DO IT THAT WAY! IF YOU PENETRATE ONE OF THOSE CELLS, YOU'LL BURN A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH RADYN'S SKULL. WE'VE GOT TO TRY AND PRY THEM OFF
DON'T LOSE YOUR COOL, RADYN! THIS COULD BE ANOTHER ILLUSION!
HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? LEDI, STOP HER!
ARRRGH! THE CELLS ARE FILLED WITH ACID! THEY'VE BURNED RIGHT THROUGH MY GLOVES
SHE'S BEYOND SAVING. WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE BEFORE THE CELLS DEVOUR US!

WHERE DOES THIS TUNNEL LEAD?
I'VE BEEN A BIT TOO BUSY TO CHECK THE BLUEPRINTS. LET'S KEEP ON RUNNING. WE'LL FIND OUT WHEN WE GET THERE!
OOHHHHH!
SPLASH!
AT LEAST NOW WE KNOW WHERE THE TUNNEL WAS LEADING. WE'VE LANDED IN THE SEWER SYSTEM
WHICH MEANS WE'RE HEADING FOR THE PROCESSING PLATEAU! IF THE GENERATOR IS ON, THE SYSTEM WILL MULCH US INTO PULP. THAT IS, IF THESE DAMNED SCAVENGERS DON'T CHEW US UP FIRST
UP AHEAD IS THE SLUICE LEADING TO THE FACTORY. ONCE WE GET IN THERE, WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER BE ABLE TO SWIM OUT AGAIN.
I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN MAKE IT
I'LL TRY TO GRAB ON TO ONE OF THE NETS AS WE FLOAT BY
I'M HOLDING ON, BUT THE CURRENTS ARE TOO STRONG. I DON'T THINK I CAN HOLD ON MUCH LONGER
I CAN HEAR THE CLANGING OF MACHINERY. THE FACTORY IS OBVIOUSLY RUNNING AND GOING STRONG. I DON'T THINK WE'LL EVER SEE HONEYCOMB AGAIN

HONEYCOMB, THE SECOND SATELLITE OF THE PLANET ONCE KNOWN AS EARTH (BUT RENAMED TERRA JUNE AFTER THE FOURTH WORLD WAR), IS A SELF SUFFICIENT ARTIFICIAL WORLD 900 MILES IN DIAMETER AND 180,000 MILES FROM ITS MOTHER PLANET
SPINNING ON AN AXIS TILT OF 10 DEGREES, HONEYCOMB HAS A GRAVITY PULL OF .87 G'S AND CHANGES FROM NIGHT TO DAY EVERY EIGHT HOURS. IN THE ROYAL CITY OF HEXAGON, IT WAS MID EVENING
I'M VIOLATING CURFEW - I DON'T HAVE A PERMISSION CHECK FROM THE QUEEN FOR THAT MATTER, IN HER EYES I DON'T REALLY HAVE A VERY GOOD EXCUSE BUT I MUST CHECK ON THESE ALIENS
THE QUEEN HAS NO PATIENCE WITH THOSE WHO SEEK OUT FORBIDDEN DATA. BUT HOW CAN I BE EXPECTED TO ADVISE THE QUEEN PROPERLY WHEN I KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT THESE ALIENS?
WELL I HAVE REACHED THE LIBRARY SO FAR SO GOOD
LET ME SEE... ZORA MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT SEEING A PHOTO OF AN ALIEN ON DISC LX33-2 ...? OH, HERE IT IS!
HMMMM... ATOMIC WAR I... NOTHING... ATOMIC WAR II... NOT HERE EITHER. NOTHING ABOUT THESE DAMNED CREATURES. IF THERE EVER WAS ANYTHING IT HAS BEEN CAREFULLY EDITED OUT. BUT THERE'S ONE MORE SECTION OF HISTORY TO GO THROUGH

HOLD ON THERE! THERE'S SOMEONE IN THAT CROWD WHO JUST DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT
REQUEST POINT SHO BE MAGNIFIED EIGHT TIMES
THAT'S NOT A WOMAN! THE ALIEN HAS NO BREASTS MMMM AND THE WAY TS ARMS BULGE AND WHAT'S THAT HAIR ON ITS UPPER LIP? YET T HASN'T FANGS, BUG EYES OR TENTACLES, AS WE'VE BEEN LED TO BELIEVE IF IT'S NOT A WOMAN OR AN ALIEN THEN WHAT IS IT?
YOU ARE NOT PERMITTED TO RESEARCH IN THE LIBRARY AT THIS TIME. UNLESS YOU HAVE A SECURITY CHECK FROM THE QUEEN
KA-BOOM
ZZZZUM
WHAT DO I DO NOW?
SORRY K210, BUT I HAVE TO COVER MY TRACKS TONIGHT AND YOU'RE ONE OF THEM!
WHEN ZORA RE TURNS FROM HER PATROL WE CAN LOOK FURTHER IN TO THE PERPLEXING DATA WHAT DID SHE SAY THE CREATURE WAS CALLED? MMMMM. I BELIEVE SHE SAID "A MAN"
OOOOH-I CAN'T GO ON
WE HAVE A SPARE MINUTE OR TWO WHY NOT TAKE A LOOK AT THE BLUE PRINTS AND FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE? WHAT DO WE HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO?

WE'RE NEARLY THERE, JACK. THIS TUNNEL LEADS TO A CENTRAL CORRIDOR THAT RUNS INTO THE GENERATOR CHAMBER
I'VE LOST TWO GOOD CREW MEMBERS TWO GOOD FRIENDS ALREADY. WHATEVER IS AT THE END OF THIS TUNNEL BETTER BE WORTH IT
GOOD LORD! WE'VE FOUND ALIENS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS AFTER WE EXTERMINATE THEM WE CAN RETURN TO HONEYCOMB AS TRIUMPHANT HEROES!
NO, LEO!
I NO REALLY SURE EXACTLY WHAT THESE THINGS ARE BUT WE CAN'T TERMINATE THEM JUST YET WE ARE GOING TO TRANSPORT THESE PRIZE PACKAGES TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
HMMM AS FAR AS THIS ONE GOES, I AM GOING TO PERSONALLY SUPERVISE THE OPENING OF HIS CEL. HE'S RATHER ER LARGE DON'T YOU THINK?

TO BE CONTINUED

IMAGE
©J JONES 1982
COME ON
I TRACKED THE GREAT BIGHEAD FOR DAYS...
..AND FOUND WHERE THEY ALL GO WHEN THEY DIE.
THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE DEAD BIGHEAD.
IT'S LIKE A MUSEUM
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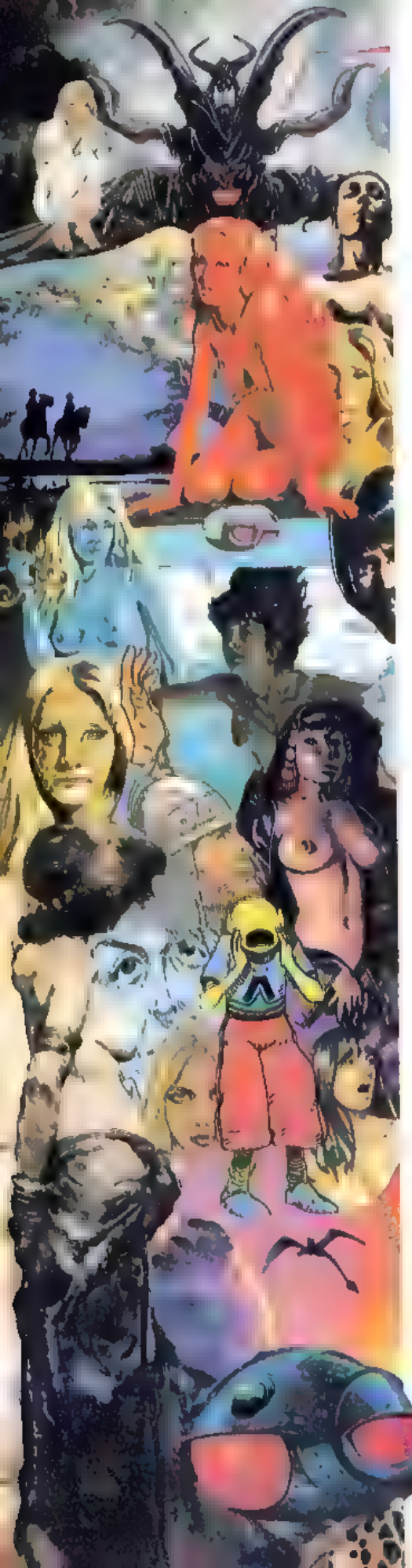

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COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977 SORRY –SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts Roger the paranoid puppet Conquering Armies the ultimate rock festival and more $4.00

#3/JUNE 1977 Macedo's Rockblitz the highly praised Shells the beginning of Davis's World Apart Moebius Corben Bode more ($3.00)

#4/JULY 1977 Lots of Moebius Arzach plus part one of The Long Tomorrow also, the final installment of Sunpot ($3.00

#5/AUGUST 1977 The saga of Polonius begins The Long Tomorrow concludes and World Apart and Den continue ($3.00

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977 Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more World Apart Den and Polonius ($3.00

#7/OCTOBER 1977 Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon Moebius's Airtight Garage Den and Polonius back again, yet more ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977 New Harlan Ellison fiction nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for Polonius and World Apart $3.00

#9/DECEMBER 1977 Extra pages for the complete Vuzz by Druillet Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein plus full-color contributions from Corben Macedo Claveloux and Moebius $3.00

#10/JANUARY 1978 Morrow illustrates Zelazny Lob and Richard update *Ulysses* Conquering Armies concludes Den continues ($3.00

#11/FEBRUARY 1978 New adventures of Barbarella wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al $3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978 Swashbuckling Orion makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow and there's more Barbarella more Jim and yet more Den ($3.00

#13/APRIL 1978 Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth while Den wraps it up ($3.00

#14/MAY 1978: Jim the Mad waves bye-bye but Orion and Barbarella continue and Alex Nino tips his hat $3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978 Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic More Than Human is illustrated more Barbarella, and the origins of Heilman ($3.00

#16/JULY 1978 A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996, the resumption of Druillet's Ga and yet more Heilman Orion More Than Human and Corben's Arabian Nights ($3.00

#17/AUGUST 1978 SORRY— SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's Sindbad Moebius's Major Heilman Orion Long Sloane on Gail and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00

#19/OCTOBER 1978 Exterminator 17 Ellison's illustrated Glass Goblin the debut of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus the usual ($3.00

#20/NOVEMBER 1978 Twenty pages of the Delany Chaykin Empire more Sindbad Exterminator Major Grubert Heilman's final rebirth, more ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978 The stocking's full with Orion Kirchner's Tarot and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979 Trina makes her debut here and Druillet concludes "Gail" plus McKie and Corben How much can you take? ($3.00

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: Galactic Geographic Starcrown Corben's Sindbad McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus Moebius Bilal and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's The Stars My Destination Starcrown II and Ellison's late show ($3.00

#25/APRIL 1979 Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's Gideon Faust the Alien portfolio and Vaughn Mayerik's Time Out And much more ($3.00

#26/MAY 1979: It's all American (except for Druillet's Dancin and a Proust joke) fifteen entries including Corben Morrow the illustrated Alien ($3.00

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty-four pages of Captain Future plus more illustrated Alien, and the final episode of So Beautiful and So Dangerous ($3.00

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#34/JANUARY 1980 A new year a new decade — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf" and much more! $3.00

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Courtain cover adorns this winter issue Corben's The Beast of Wolfton begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip $3.00)

#36 MARCH 1980 Why did The Crevasse take Jeannelle? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip Plus Corben Matena Moebius and Lee Marrs's Good Vibrations ($3.00)

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#38/MAY 1980 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Dor of Jada? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn too? Take a look We'll never tell ($3.00

#39/JUNE 1980 Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Stamp saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: The Alchemist Supreme continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky Bilal's "Progress" begins and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave" $3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980 Druillet returns with the first installment of Salammbo while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress" $3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock Issue packed with goodies by McKie Moebius, Voss, Spain Druillet Yeates Ha Howarth Kierkegaard Jr. Colon and Matena and not to be missed! $3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal. ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated Bloodstar. Crepax's Valentina, and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," Rock Opera, and Moebius. ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981 Jeronaton returns with "Woman." Don Woods makes his *HM* debut with "Bang, Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezieres, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixon." Don't miss it! ($3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981 William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while "The Horny Goof," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble. Special added attraction: Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself! ($3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981 "Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic Western begins. "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue, and Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* comes to an end. Plus: Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America. ($3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981 "Art and the Nazis." Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!" Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. "Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya?" ($3.00)

#50/MAY 1981 The premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortal's Fete." Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge," and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality. ($3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981 The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, and Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: "Caza," Chaykin, Crepax, and our own John Workman! ($3.00)

#52/JULY 1981 Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor." Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up. ($3.00)

#53/AUGUST 1981 Spinrad on the Immoral Majority, the third part of the Corben interview, plus a sixteen-page pull-out section on the making of the *Heavy Metal* movie. ($3.00)

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981 Richard Corben's "Den 1," Jeff Jones's "I'm Age," Juan Giménez's "Infantrymen," Infantrymen!" and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror. ($3.00)

#55/OCTOBER 1981 "Shakespeare for Americans," the first episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Philippe Druillet, plus Jeff Jones, Enki Bilal, and Steranko. ($3.00)

#56/NOVEMBER 1981 Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Sagralles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully. ($3.00)

#57/DECEMBER 1981 Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles, and Corben. Plus the odd ending to "The Immortals Fete." ($3.00)

#58/JANUARY 1982 Our "Happy Future" issue includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, He and Gillon, and "The Autonomous Man" by Davis, Chudnow and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko et al. ($3.00)

HEAVY METAL

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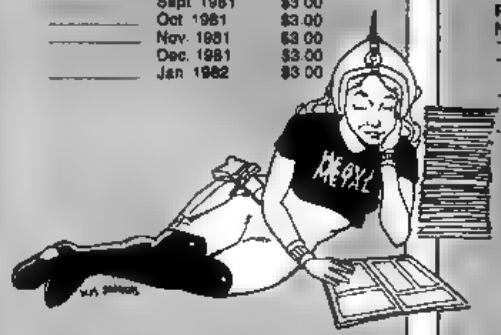

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ROKOPA

After drifting for an eternity, frozen inside the Space Skuttle, Marty, Adelire, and I had been brought back to life-- in a tropical paradise with a strangely familiar host...

[illegible], Baaba - de pretty lady from de plare. What'th her fartathy, Faith?

[illegible] treat us Miss Adelire Jones, our fartasy [illegible] become From [illegible] real from the tele- [illegible], "The [illegible]."

Listen, [illegible] Gabriel-- I think this is [illegible].

Why won't you just tell us where we are and what you want?

Have a good time, my friend.

Come on, Steed- don't forget the champagne!

Well, I refuse to wear this stupid hat!

[illegible] friend-- [illegible] the fire. C[illegible] their father...

Bauth! Bauth! Who'th
Jith guy, Bauth?
That, my little friend, is Marty Meadows, the failed stand-up comic.
It is his fantasy to become a prisoner--in a mysterious village populated only by women.
Where am I?
You are in the Village.
What do you want?
You won't get it!
Insemination! We want insemination!
By hook or by crook we will!

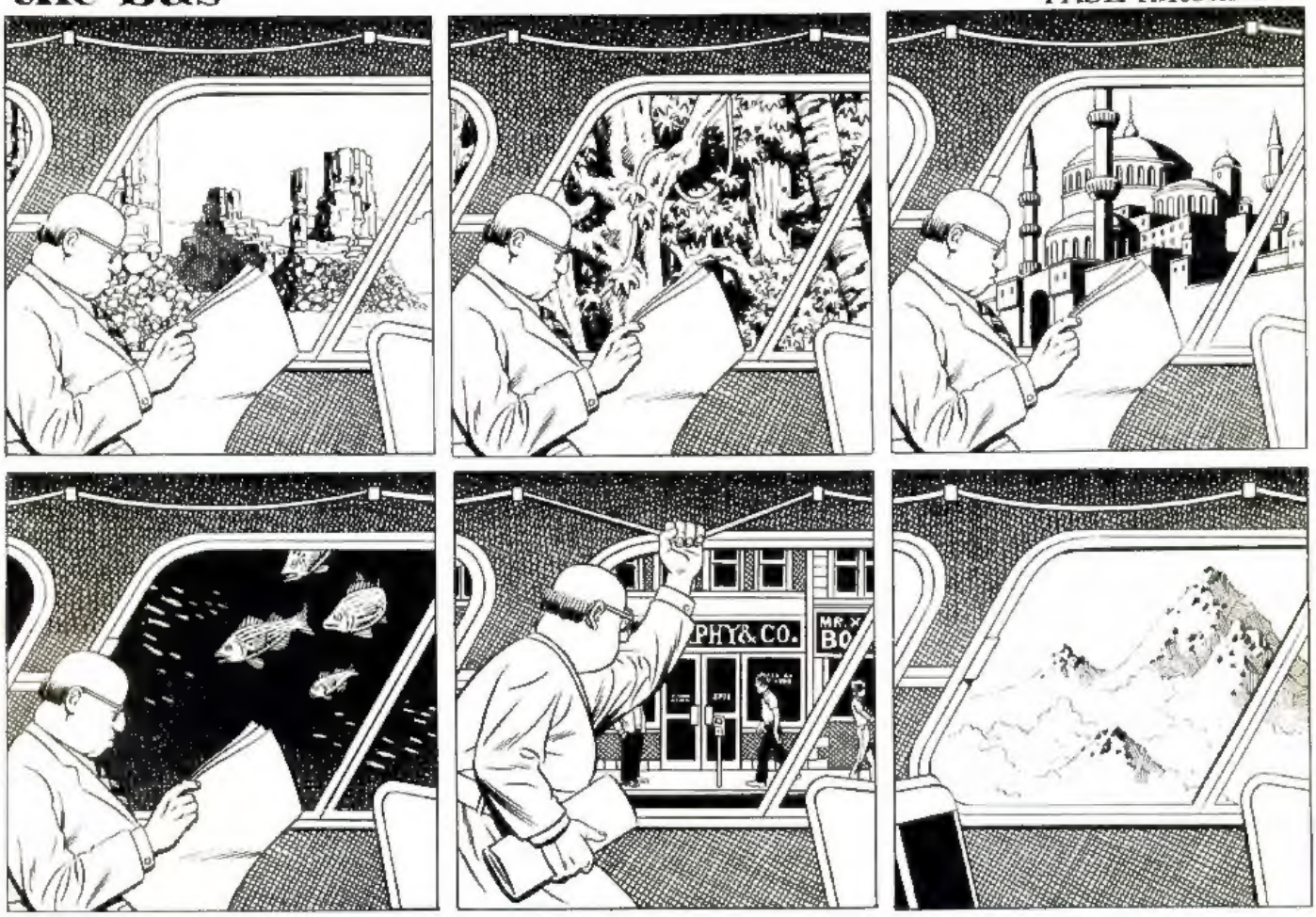
Why couldn't you have chosen a more interesting fantasy--one sort of like Marty's, for example?
Because this way we can drive around looking for clues. Maybe we can find out where we really are and how we got here.
You know something? You're pretty smart for a beauty-pageant contestant.
Thanks a lot...look! There's our first clue!
These TV shows always start off with a dying agent delivering a message.
Great! This should take care of the rest of the week.
It's a Rubik's cube with letters written on it.
Well, don't just stand there! What's that in his hand?
©1982 rodKierKegaard jr.

I wonder how Marty's fantasy is turning out...
Can I trust you or not, number 38?
What do you mean?
Are you one of the prisoners--or one of the keepers? There's only one sure way to find out...
I don't know what you're talking about-- I paid for my share of this fantasy in advance!
Your share of what?
You know-- the Lesbian Writers' Workshop at Berkeley. We got a group discount on our fantasy: to live in a world of women where men exist only for breeding purposes, and are then destroyed.
I've changed my mind, Mr. Gabriel! I've changed my mind! I want out of this fantasy!

To Be Continued

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



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Please send me _____ buckle (s) at $10.95 each (which includes postage and handling).

Name

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City State Zip

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

COMING

Next month's *Heavy Metal* features musical mettle in a special supplement, as well as our usual fare.

Airbrush artist **Jim Cherry** collaborates with rock raconteur **Lenny Kaye** to give us a glimpse of tomorrow's album covers, while singer-songwriter **Elliott Murphy** puts himself in the shoes of a visiting alien and reports on the Elvis Presley cults. And **Jon Hassell** writes our essay on future musics.

Strips include **Serge Clerc**'s impressions of sexy Debbie Harry, who is wild fantasy material (she looks great as a girl behind bars), **Loustal**'s "Miss Fan USA," **Voss**'s "The Gladiators," and **Macedo**'s "Jungle Rock."

And of course we'll have the continuing sagas of "Cymbiola," "The Mercenary," "Den II," and "Rock Opera."

The Theory of Heavolution

As man evolves, so do his reading habits

In his newest form, man is a class-act mammal. (Note the two-hatted, four-legged, eyes-bulging creature before you.) At his present state of intelligence, ordinary magazines are just not good enough for him. That's where we come in.

Heavy Metal, the world's foremost adult illustrated fantasy magazine, hits the spot. With 1,200 pages a year, the quality of beauty and imagination of *Heavy Metal* is unsurpassed by other publications.

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